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A Journal of Tomorrow

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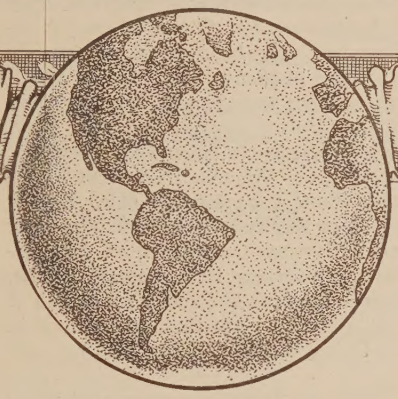

The Poetry and Passion of the Prophets

By

Edwin Markham

Author of

"The Man with the Hoe"

And Other Poems

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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—*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

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Μιγμα

The ignorant sometimes smile derisively when they hear Americans of other than English descent singing "Land where our fathers died." Such people are indeed ignorant. . . . The army that George Washington led was by no means an army of British people. "Land where my fathers died" can be sung in all sincerity by people of many races. Under Washington there were Swedes from Philadelphia, Jews from Georgia and New York, French Huguenots from South Carolina, Scotch from Virginia, Irish from Maryland, Finns from Pennsylvania, English from New England, Dutch from New York and Delaware, Germans from Pennsylvania, Moravians from Georgia, Welsh, Negroes, Indians—in fact, a great part of that welter of races that we see now in the United States. (*Independent.*)

υ λ

There can be little question that many outside of America had come to believe that the President of the United States really exercised much autocratic power. It was unfortunate that disillusionment had to come at so tragic a crisis in world affairs, and at a time when America's leadership was so much needed, but it has seemed to us that a not unimportant by-product of the whole League of Nations issue was the demonstration that no man, not even the President, could pledge the American people. (*Congregationalist.*)

υ λ

How comely a thing is affliction borne cheerfully, which is not beyond the reach of the humblest of us. (*James M. Barrie.*)

υ λ

There is a place for sound study and right thinking. It is not unimportant what men think. But love and brotherhood are much more important than right thinking. (*Congregationalist.*)

υ λ

In these days, when both science and philosophy are giving us startling glimpses of another world beyond that of the mere senses, the teachings of the Bible and the utterances of Christ respecting immortality have been singularly reinforced, and the desire of all believers to see the things that God has prepared for them has been tremendously stimulated. It is a good time to grow old, There never was so much promise for the declining years—both in terms of usefulness before departing and of unspeakable glories in the higher ranges of existence. (*Zion's Herald.*)

υ λ

In some church budgets a big item of "overhead" goes to keep up preaching over the heads of the people. (*Continent.*)

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1. **The Universal Fatherhood of God.**
2. **The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.**
3. **The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.**
4. **The certainty of just retribution for sin.**
5. **The final harmony of all souls with God.**

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

LENTEN THOUGHTS: SOURCES OF REFRESHMENT

"Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that we, who for our evil deeds do worthily deserve to be punished, by the comfort of Thy Grace, may be mercifully relieved, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

THE Christian Church did well to direct the attention of the people midway in Lent to the Sources of Refreshment. It called this Sunday, *Dominica Refectionis*—Refreshment Sunday. It recalled the significant and beautiful incident in the life of Israel, in its march through the wilderness. After making trial of the bitter waters of Marah, it came to an oasis called Elim, "where were twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm trees, and it encamped there by the waters." It also recalled the story of Christ's feeding the thousands of people who followed him into the wilderness. And ever since those early Christian days, half way through Lent, the Christian people find this Sunday bringing them the comfort and inspiration of the Gospel of Refreshment.

There is certainly need for refreshment. There is much in life to make us weary. Most of us have to work hard for a living, in fields and mines and factories and mills, in offices and stores, in homes and schools. The wear and tear of life make for fatigue which affects not the body only, but the mind also. There is a sweat of brow, but also of brain. The strain and stress of life for many of us are very severe. The warfare of flesh and spirit goes on without much abatement. The struggle for character makes requisitions on all our forces. The weary weight of all the problems of the world oppresses us. The difficulties of life at times loosens the grip of our faith in spiritual realities. And, alas, our sins give us more trouble and fatigue than anything else. We are all more or less weary and heavy laden.

There are many ways by which persons seek escape from these experiences and think to find refreshment. Some still seek escape in drink and dope, and others in wild excitement and debauch. Some hurry to the movies nearly every night and get their thrills there; others walk with the crowds on the avenues and feel the excitement that comes from crowd-contagion. Some live the club-life and smother thought by small talk. They all succeed, in their several ways, in escaping from the day's work and the more serious things of life, but they do not find refreshment. There is no recuperation of body, mind, or soul in these ways. They live mostly on their nerves, and nervous prostration is sure to come sooner or later.

The wiser men and women seek the true sources of refreshment, which make for recuperation and send them back to their tasks and high endeavors with renewed zeal and power. They find refreshment in contact with nature, in all her seasons, and in all her varying aspects; they feel renewed in body and refreshed in mind and cleansed in soul by loving appreciation of her. How good it is to see the snow fall from heaven and make white the world, or to see the bursting forth of latent life into the glorious foliage of springtime!

They also seek and find refreshment in noble friendships. They enjoy the high privilege of fellowship with true men and women; they have high interests in common; their hearts go on the same great highways of life. The simple greeting as they pass, the hand clasp as they meet, the quiet intercourse before the hearth, give the heart refreshment, and they thank God and take courage. And they find their refreshment in the things of the mind. Music gives them renewal of life; a beautiful painting or statue or building restores their exhausted strength; commerce of mind with the master thinkers of the ages gives them new energies for moral life.

They find, however, their greatest source of refreshment in religion. Their consciousness of God lifts their souls to the heights. Meditation on His eternal truths renews their minds. The adoration of God in quiet private or public worship gives their hearts satisfaction. The comfort of the Divine Grace assuring them of pardon for their sins, and peace for their troubled hearts, gives them the greatest relief

in life. Religion is their souls' refreshment. "The religious lure" is what all tired, weary, distressed, and sinful men and women need above all else.

D.E.

* *

OUTLAWING AMERICANISM

WE had supposed that the Americanization of the newer peoples who come to our shores from older lands was at least legal if not desirable. A federal judge in Boston seems to think such is not the case. He has undertaken to see that recent immigrants keep names that will brand them and their children as unlike the rest of us. To be consistent he ought also to have affirmed that God foreordained them to go to a different place hereafter from that appointed for the descendants of those who came over earlier.

* *

THE LAND OF THE UNFREE

PERHAPS it is time for us to revise our national anthem. At least there are a significant number of people who would go far in limiting freedom, both of speech and action, for other people. A prominent New York lawyer recently argued that the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States does not guarantee freedom of speech. Rather, he said, this amendment merely prevents Congress from abridging freedom of speech, but reserving the right to the separate states to do as they pleased. Of course this means that if the Florida legislature, for example, under the influence of Mr. Bryan, should decide against Evolution or Universalism or the Binomial Theorem, any reference to these subjects would land the speaker in jail, with no appeal to any court.

Such a policy is already in effect. The United States alone among civilized nations still holds its war-time political prisoners. Some of them have already died of tuberculosis contracted during their confinement. Others are suffering from it, but appeals to the President and the Attorney General fall on deaf ears.

* *

FUNDAMENTALING THE FUNDAMENTALISTS

MOST of us have learned to bear up under the fundamentalists' charges that the rest of us are not Christians. Now, however, it appears that most of the fundamentalists themselves are anti-Christian. There appears to have been a recent door-step distribution of a magazine called "The Watch Tower," issued by the followers of the late Pastor Russell and modestly described by its publishers as "The most important journal published on earth."

From this magazine we learn that the denominations represented in the Federal Council of Churches, comprising some ninety per cent of our Protestant church membership, are united "in hatred of the truth and darkness in regard to God's plan." And, lest any of the rest of us should feel complacent or superior, there is an added list of some hundred religious bodies, beginning with Evangelical Adventists and ending with Universalists and Unitarians, who are eligible to this anti-Christian fellowship of hatred and darkness. What a lovely place heaven will be if some folks really know all about God and His plans and purposes!

* *

WANTED, A SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

FOR months the northeastern states and especially New England have been increasingly in the grip of a coal famine. It has meant hardship and suffering for many, death to not a few. The mortality from pulmonary diseases has doubled in some communities, and there are many cases where this added physical strain has turned the scale against those fighting other diseases.

Now comes a report from the fuel commissioner containing the names of a large number of dealers who have taken advantage of this situation to extort from two to four dollars a ton excess profit for an aggregate of many thousand of tons of coal, much of which was deliberately held back to increase the already acute shortage. Many of the men named in the list are prominent church men in their respective communities, some of them denominational officials. If they had been found to be personally immoral, or if one of them had killed a baby with an axe instead of an icicle, their churches and their communities would not ignore it. But where is the church that will discipline its member who kills children by wholesale indirection instead of by direct individual assault? Where is the church with a social conscience?

* *

CHRISTIAN ECONOMICS

ECONOMIC literature, like economic legislation, has been largely *ex post facto*, or even *post mortem*. It was a generation ago that Herbert Spencer pointed out that society had changed from a mechanism for carrying on war to a mechanism for carrying on business. The old racial and dynastic and religious *causi belli* have been superseded by trade rivalries and clashing exploitation of backward peoples and undeveloped lands.

The world at large was so far from realizing this that, with hardly a suspicion of the real facts, it let itself be dragged into the greatest war in history by clashing commercial interests, and is even now in tragic peril of a repetition of its insane folly.

It is hardly a decade since men like Thorstein Veblen began to rephrase our ancient political economy in modern terms, whereas in life the political was subordinated to the economic. Still more recent are the endeavors to relate economics to religion and to bring industry to judgment at the bar of Christian conscience. Those who realize that there is a new irrepressible conflict, fiercer and more far-reaching than the struggle to destroy negro slavery, and who see that no society can permanently maintain itself half Christian and half pagan, will welcome two new books by Prof. Lionel Edie of Colgate University.

The first of these, "Principles of the New Economics," applies to the various aspects and problems of industrialism what would be an economic platitude if there were fewer cave men surviving in positions of industrial responsibility. Professor Edie points out that in industry there are not only material but human factors and that the human factors must be recognized and integrated and not ignored or even subordinated. The book will be generously welcomed by

those who insist that we must use money to make men instead of using men to make money.

The second volume by the same author just now off the press is entitled "Practical Psychology for Business Executives." A single quotation will serve to show how far forward this carries the discussion:

> "One of the main forces in keeping economic motive on a low moral level has been the doctrine that selfishness is all we need or can hope to have in this phase of life. . . . A social system based on this doctrine deserves to fail. Economists . . . have often seemed to believe that it sufficed for all but a negligible part of human life. On the contrary, it is false even as economics, and we shall never have an efficient system until we have one that appeals to the imagination, the loyalty, and the self expression of the men who serve it."

A leader of the newer industrialism declared recently that the struggle of the next few years would be between the Church and business for the possession of Religion. Most people realize now that the much advertised Interchurch World Movement was not only, as Dr. Newton so aptly said, "an attempt to buy a day of Pentecost," but much more an attempt to chain the Church with golden shackles to a pagan industrialism. Surely the time has come for all of us to see that we must Christianize our economics or our economics will paganize our Christianity.

* *

THE COMPENSATIONS OF SACRIFICE

THE normal daily sacrifices are not less sacrificial in quality because they are daily and oft-repeated. Maternal sacrifice is not cheapened or vulgarized because it is enacted a myriad times. Not one of ten thousand acts of sacrifice is known or understood outside of the walls of service, but that, too, is of the grace of sacrifice that it requires no outer setting.

If we have less of the sacrificial passion, is it not in part because there can be no sacrifice without shrines, without life's possession of and by shrines, inviting and compelling? Nothing could be more awful than the consequences of incapacity for sacrifice, of children remaining undisciplined by the home in the holiest of arts, with its terrible penalties in self-impoverishment and self-debasement. That is why the well-to-do often seem vulgarized and the rich coarsened—because they are obviously untouched by the beauty of sacrifice without which life becomes void and null.

It is the glory of sacrifice that, nobly purposed and as nobly performed, it is not or does not seem sacrifice at all. For he who truly sacrifices does not give up something but rather gives himself up to something more and higher than self. We have seen the most tender and beautiful sacrifices marred, if not ruined, by self-consciousness and self-pity. He who says "I sacrifice" sacrifices not, for this were vaunting, and the sacrificial mood is ever that of lowliness.

The great besetting sin of life at all times is selfishness, which, though it take a thousand forms and clothe itself in a thousand glittering vestments, remains ever of one texture unchanged. If selfishness be life's sin, then sacrifice is its overcoming. Sacrifice is the overcoming of self so that it means not defeat but victory. No man lives sacrificially who at best gives a tithe or tithes, instead of giving himself. For living is not a matter of giving in a certain measure or of a certain treasure, but of sacrifice at the bidding of the spirit.

Sacrifices that are real can never be vain, for one sacrifices not, as a rule, for concrete and definite ends, but in obedience to that command which substitutes the inescapable imperative of selflessness for the imperiousness of self-realization.

> "Desire joy and thank God for it:
> Renounce it if need be for others' sake,—
> That is joy beyond joy."

It is renunciation that is life's master word!—for self-affirmation may be, but self-renunciation must always be.

The problem of sacrifice goes down to the heart of life itself, for either there are things worth sacrificing for or this life is a mad snare, a flashing flare. We are not equal to the greatest and the least of sacrifices until such is our soul's mood that we are ready even for the sacrifice of compensation. Then and not till then do the sublimities of holiness descend and lift one up to one's birthright in and of the heavens.

Is not this the beauty of sacrifice, that it is the gate through which one passes out of the all of self into the life of all?

Self-sacrifice is the window through which one looks upon and becomes a sharer of the life eternal.

S. S. W.

* *

THE YOUTHFUL MIND

PERHAPS the real disease of the old world is senile decay. Not only its institutions but most of the men who control its destinies are old, in spirit even more than in years. It would not be easy to name any man in a commanding position who manifests virile freshness or courageous initiative. Possibly it is some sense of this, possibly it is his own youthful mindedness, that led Henry Ford to write as follows in the *Dearborn Independent:*

> "The youthfulness of the people is the great safeguard of society. The fact of the people still being young is often misstated, often misinterpreted, and ignorantly exploited. Statistics showing that, as a whole, we represent about the fifteen-year-old mind, are the most hopeful figures possible to read. The world is extremely lucky if this is so. If the diplomats and financiers and exploiters and war-makers represent the mature-mindedness of the world, thank heaven the people are still youthful-minded. The people still believe, and if because of their believing habit they are still subject to deception, nevertheless their very power to believe will ultimately prove their salvation out of all their wrongs. Their wrongs are not their errors—they are the errors of the 'mature-minded' of the world."

* *

The religion of Jesus Christ, whatever name it may bear, becomes effective only as it is related actively to our every-day task, whether it be behind the grocery counter, on the farm, in the pulpit, or in the political caucus.

* *

A man without religion is like a common wire before it is charged with electricity.

The Poetry and Passion of the Prophets

Edwin Markham

THE Old Testament, in large sweeping view, consists of four great themes—God's covenant with Adam and its breaking, God's covenant with Noah and its failure, God's covenant with the nation of Israel and its incompletion, God's covenant with the individual human heart.

It is in God's dealing, first with the nation of Israel, and finally with the individual heart of the Israelite, that we find the majestic literature of the prophets.

The major prophets shine like huge constellations in the sky; and twelve minor prophets, inferior in glory, but each radiant in his own way, shine in a lesser galaxy. These minor prophets, covering a reach of time as long as the span from Chaucer to Tennyson—a dozen men of amazing personality and power—offer a brilliant collection of moral ideas. I shall not try to sweep these men into my flying survey, but will deal only with the master prophets—Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel.

In our day the word prophecy has been narrowed down to mean mere foretelling only, but it had a larger significance in ancient Israel. The Hebrew word prophet denotes, not one who speaks before, but one who speaks first—a man who bursts forth into spiritual utterance under divine compulsion. The prophet, then, is the man who delivers the "burden of God"—the messenger of the Most High, the revealer of the rights and duties of the people.

But while foretelling was not the chief function of the prophet, nevertheless the prophets (perhaps because of their deep insight into cause and effect) did give some remarkable predictions. Amos foretold the captivity and return of Israel; Micah foretold the fall of Jerusalem; Isaiah, the fall of Tyre.

Prophecy, with its schools of prophets, is our richest inheritance from the ancient world. No other nation offers a parallel to Israel in continuous and authentic revelation, nor such a line of consecrated mediators speaking such high poetry. Prophecy in Israel was a recognized and revered channel of communication between God and man. Prophets were looked on as the privileged and honored spokesmen of Heaven, the interpreters of the law, the defenders of the oppressed. They hurled their criticism against the reckless kings who betrayed the rights of the people, as well as against the apostate priests who betrayed the honor of God.

The schools of the prophets grew up alongside the priesthood; but the prophetic function was moral, not ritualistic, and the prophets were frequently forced by their fervor into a battle with the priests. Why? Because the prophet is a man of the higher order; he comes called by a voice from Heaven, comes to draw down a fire of God upon the people, a fire of conscience, a fire of righteousness. But the priest followed after, eager—in the main—only to gather up the ashes of that fire, and to tell the story of that fire that once had fallen from Heaven. The priest is satisfied with the old paths; the prophet is out on the frontiers, blazing new roads for the feet of men. The priest looks downward to his ceremonies; the prophet looks upward to the ever-breaking skies. The priest lives in the old memories; the prophet lives in the noble hopes and aspirations. The priest lives in the romance of religion; the prophet in its reality. The priest broods over the heroisms of the past; the prophet turns from the past to initiate new epochs and to unveil the waiting glories of the future. The priest is conservative, and content with things as they are; the prophet is radical and insistent on things as they ought to be. The priest is ever hiding behind the walls of safety; the prophet is ever out upon the paths of danger, out in the ranks of the warriorhood of God.

The Israelites were the people of antiquity who had no mythology. They looked back to no Golden Age, but looked ever to their golden future ahead. Their greatest hero was not some figure of the past, but some deliverer to come; and the prophets kept alive in the heart of Israel the hope of this far-off divine event, the apparition of the Shiloh, "the tranquilizer" who was to come.

But the god they found existing in their national consciousness was the war-god, Jehovah—the god of threatenings and terrors. It is doubtless true that man is ever creating God in his own image, a God that is forced to wear man's passions and limitations. We see this imperfect image of the true and loving God, not only in the pages of the prophets, but also in the pages of Dante and in the sermons of Jonathan Edwards. As long as we men of earth have wrath and jealousy and the spirit of favoritism in our own hearts, so long will we see wrath and jealousy and the spirit of favoritism in the heart of our God.

You may say that these prophets were under the shadow of Jehovah, the shadow of their war-god. Yet you must also admit that tremendous flashes of inspiration rushed down again and again through that shadow—rushed down from the heaven of Elohim, from the pure Light of Eternity.

Yes, we must all admit that these prophets were quickened by the One who moves in the Unseen Holy. We must admit that they were marked by a special elevation, an extraordinary profundity of insight, an intense degree of aspiration, a lofty level of language.

How, then, shall we account for their moments of bitterness, of wrath and fury stripped of love and mercy—fires of imprecation and thunders of judgment, instead of the soft sunbeams of persuasion and compassion? Perhaps because of the flaming earnestness of the prophets. Perhaps also because they stood face to face with the dark wrongs in personal and national life, so that there seemed to be time only for the lightnings and thunders of the truth of Heaven.

The prophets had none of the lukewarmness that goes with our modern tolerance and cold indifference. They had a divine anger against the tyranny of rulers and the sloth and self-indulgence of citizens. They were in deadly earnest; and so profound was their emotion that it uttered itself in poetry, which—when impassioned—always leaps forth in heightened language.

But these prophets, fighting almost alone against courts and congregations, against easily satisfied men and women, had sometimes to resort to a tempestuous emphasis in order to attract the unawakened minds of the multitude. For there is excess even in nature, so the spring of the year comes laden with more blooms than she needs to fill her boughs, for she knows that many blossoms will drop fruitless to the ground.

Prophecy greatened and widened in scope as Israel grew to realize that God's love and justice are neither local nor national, but are international and universal. The urge of the prophets for immediate submission to God's will, for the immediate practise of righteousness, is even to-day our highest expression of the divine desire for the Kingdom of Order on earth. The thunders and terrors of the judgments they pronounced against evil and evil-doers are still among the sublimest utterances of man.

We modern people were so captivated by the ideas in the Bible that we lost sight of the poetic form that enveiled the ideas. So the early translators neglected the poetic form, and set it all forth as a string of prose texts for pulpiteers; whereas they should have shown the Bible as consisting of a series of divine poems—dramas, lyrics, odes, elegies, rhapsodies, little epics of judgment—side by side with maxims and essays and parables in prose. This old mistake of splitting up the Bible into detached sentences or verses is a wholly artificial and reckless thing; and the doing of it has helped to obscure the beauty and power of the book. Moreover it has helped to call into existence long shelves of labored commentaries, which in many cases have only increased the obscurity. For this reason, the translation known as "The Modern Reader's Bible" has cast broad light upon the ancient Scriptures by restoring their long-neglected forms, and by showing the Scriptures to consist of a vast, many-colored literature—many clusters of composition, sometimes expressed in prose, sometimes in verse.

Let us bear in mind that the poetry of the prophets, like all Hebraic poetry, has its own peculiar form and charm. The form of Hebraic verse is a parallelism in the thought and in the expression. Frequently, the ancient poet flashes a line upon the page, and then follows it with a beautiful variant of the idea. Using this simple form of parallelism, the poet of old urges onward the chariots of his song, in reverberations of might and majesty. Yet we sometimes discover lyric interludes in the sounding march of his polyphonic prose.

Accordingly, in Isaiah we now and then hear Jehovah speaking as a melodious proseman. Hear him:

> Harken unto me, ye that know righteousness. . . . Fear not the reproach of men, neither be ye dismayed at their revilings. For the worm shall eat them up like a garment, and the worm shall eat them like wool.

To this declaration, the Celestial Host reply in a lyric interlude:

> Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord,
> Awake as in the days of old,
> The generations of ancient times!
> Art thou not it that cut Rahab in pieces,
> That pierced the dragon?
> Art thou not it which dried up the sea,
> The waters of the great deep;
> That made the depths of the sea
> A way for the redeemed to pass over?
>
> And the ransomed of the Lord shall return,
> And come with singing unto Zion:
> And everlasting joy shall be upon their heads:
> They shall obtain gladness and joy,
> And sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

This reminds us of that other great lyric beginning:

> How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him
> That bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.
> That bringeth good tidings, that publisheth salvation,
> That saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

Thus we see that the Hebrew poet, like some of the modern poets of the free verse school, is constantly veering from prose to verse, from verse to prose, in a movement as fetterless as the wind-blown billows of the barley fields. The tides of the rushing rhythm, billow on climbing billow, carry the prophetic burden with a force as irresistible as the marching storms of the sea. We remember the great cry of Isaiah as he proclaims the doom of Babylon:

> The noise of a multitude in the mountains,
> Like as of a great people!
> The noise of a tumult
> Of the kingdoms of the nations gathered together!

And we also recall that other great cry against the wicked city:

> And Babylon,
> The glory of kingdoms,
> The beauty of the Chaldeans' pride,
> Shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah.
>
> It shall never be inhabited,
> Neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation;
> Neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there;
> Neither shall the shepherds make their flocks to lie down there.
>
> But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there;
> And their houses shall be full of doleful creatures;
> And ostriches shall dwell there,
> And satyrs shall dance there,
> And wolves shall cry in their castles,
> And jackals in the pleasant palaces.

And we also recall the cry of Jeremiah, proclaiming the doom of Babylon. It is a cry that moves on from thunder to thunder, to the great climax: "Babylon is suddenly fallen: howl for her!"

What, then, is the Bible? It is the greatest storehouse of the literature of the ancient world. In the main, it was written by a large group of the inspired and heroic spirits of the race. There in that treasury we find wonder stories, hero stories, love stories. We find love songs that tremble like lilies in the moonlight; we find ornate orations that rush like storms over cliff-hung mountains. We find there the great philosophic drama of Job, asking questions that seem to have no answer, vast questions that must wait to find, perhaps, their solution in that far-off time

when the pathetic mystery of this world shall be made manifest.

But the thing in the Bible most characteristic of the Hebrew mind is found in the books of the Prophets, books that sweep into their glory all the forms of adoration, description, meditation, arraignment, malediction, exhortation, threatenings of judgment, unveilings of vision. Even the very titles of these prophetic pages are alive with poetic suggestion. Listen to the majestic thunder of some of them: "A Vision of Jerusalem in Her Pollutions," "The Judgment of the Bloody City," "The Doom of the Prince of Tyre," "The Triumph of Israel Amid the Doomed Nations," "The Dry Bones and the Breath of the Lord," "A Vision of Jerusalem in Her Glory," "The Rhapsody of Zion Redeemed."

The great Isaiah opens his volume of poems by unrolling a vast vista, wherein we behold the house of the Lord exalted above the hills and "established at the head of the mountains."

After this magnificent beginning, Isaiah chants into the ear of the world the dooms of the nations, his prophecies of judgment and restoration, portraying at last the grand march of the people from judgment to glory. In it all we hear the thunder of a thousand billows and behold the motion of a thousand stars.

Who was this Isaiah, this mouth of song? Who was this voice, now reverberating over the ages? He was a citizen of Jerusalem, a father of sons. He faced more complicated historical problems than did Amos and Hosea, but assailed the same sensuality, frivolity and greed that aroused their sacred anger.

Isaiah, a greater genius, with larger outlook and deeper inlook, introduces to the Israelites the noble ideal of God's universality and love of all humanity—the idea that His mercy goes out to all men in all lands. Have the Assyrians taken Israel, then God is directing events and punishing Israel for her sins. God will save Israel in His own good time and in His own way. The remnant, chastened and purged, shall save the nation. God's clarion of courage will sound on till the heaven-sent plagues shall overpower the adversary.

Isaiah, in his vision of the future, pictures the Golden Age to come, the age of social justice—that great dream of Israel that has strengthened and comforted the world. He voices his hopes in that closing rhapsody of Zion Redeemed. Here he marshals a host of noble and winged ideas—vast and moving as the images in Michelangelo's Last Judgment. In the first vision, all the nations of the earth are summoned before God to see how they match the divine purpose. Here is proclaimed the meaning and the choosing of Israel, the chastening of Israel and the final dispersion of Israel to teach the nations of the world:

> And it shall come to pass in the latter days that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established at the head of the mountains, and all nations shall flow unto it. . . . Out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And he shall judge between the nations; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

Nowhere else in the literature of the ancient world do we find so lofty a conception of the obligations of a edeemed people to the rest of mankind. The words move on majestically to the sonorous close. We are assured of the coming victory; but it is a victory of the daring and adventurous spirit of man, not a victory of blood and iron. Israel is not to go forth with the red sword of the warrior to subdue the world, but with the sword of the ideal, the sword bathed in Heaven. This sword of the ideal still hangs as a vision above the world: it is still the sword rejected by the barbaric militarism of mankind.

Let us skim a little further in our swallow-flight over this vast abyss of song. Notice the terrible energy of Isaiah, the valor of his phrases, the vividness of his vision. Notice how the stormy poet hurls forth his startling questions:

> Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand. and meted out heaven with the span and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance? Who hath directed the spirit of the Lord, or being his counsellor hath taught him? . . . Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket and are counted as the small dust of the balance.

The great poet is the poet who can ascend above the hilltops of beauty to the mountain peaks of sublimity. The great poet has moments when he rips away the curtains of time and looks upon eternity. Isaiah belongs to this lofty order of inspiration. But he knew also the softer moods of the mind: he could descend to the pitiful and the tender:

> Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she may not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget thee, but I will not forget thee.

Feel again his tender compassion:

> Unto him that is thirsty bring water;
> Ye inhabitants of the land of Tema.
> Meet the fugitives with bread,
> For they fled away from the swords,
> From the drawn sword and from the bent bow
> And the grievousness of war.

Looked at as a man and a poet, Isaiah stands like a sky-touching Chimborazo among surrounding mountains. He is the most continuously poetic, the most daringly dramatic, of all the line of Israel's bards and prophets. He is a son of genius, and he sheds a vast glory upon humanity. He has not the spectacular splendor of Job, nor the cascaded turbulence of Ezekiel, nor David's fervent cadences of grief and joy; but he has a superb way of sweeping into his glory the words and rivers and living forms about him, and making them the symbols of his wrath or of his consolation. Listen to "A Cry of Comfort for Jerusalem:"

> Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of the Lord,
> Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.
> Every valley shall be exalted,
> And every mountain and hill shall be made low:
> And crooked shall be made straight,
> And the rough places plain:
> And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,
> And all flesh shall see it together:
> For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.
>
> A Second Voice (in the distance):
> Cry!
>
> A Despairing Voice:
> What shall I cry?
> All flesh is grass,
> And all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field:

The grass withereth,
The flower fadeth,
Because the breath of the Lord bloweth upon it:
Surely the people is grass!

The Second Voice:
The grass withereth,
The flower fadeth:
But the word of our God shall stand for ever.

Fourth Voice (still more distant):
O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion,
Get thee up into the high mountain;
O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem,
Lift up thy voice with strength;
Lift it up, be not afraid;
Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!

Fifth Voice:
Behold, the Lord God will come as a mighty one,
And his arm shall rule for him:
Behold, his reward is with him,
And his recompense before him.
He shall feed his flock like a shepherd,
He shall gather the lambs in his arm,
And carry them in his bosom,
And shall gently lead those that give suck.

Rage and scorn and tender pity are mingled in the tides of his taunting, his threatening, his intercession:

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the glowing sand shall become a pool, and the thirsty ground springs of water: in the habitation of jackals, where they lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes. And an highway shall be there, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness. . . . The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion.

He thinks in immense cycles. He beholds the earth glowing, moving, evolving. He flashes the cosmos before our startled eyes:

And all the hosts of heaven shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll: and all their host shall fade away, as the leaf fadeth from off the vine, and as a fading leaf from a fig tree. For my sword hath drunk its fill in heaven: behold, it shall come down upon Edom, and upon the people of my curse, to judgment. . . . And the streams thereof shall be turned into pitch, and the dust thereof into brimstone, and the land thereof shall become burning pitch. It shall not be quenched night nor day; the smoke thereof shall go up for ever: from generation to generation it shall lie waste; none shall pass through it for ever and ever.

In the year 626 B. C., Jeremiah, son of a priest near Jerusalem, began his long, lonely and bitter career of prophecy. We can picture him first in the court of the Temple, sounding his warnings to his resentful people, as he told of the coming destruction of the Temple and the triumph of Nebuchadnezzar, and condemned the grossness and greed of the life about him. His whole career was a strife and a sorrow; and in his old age, discredited and denounced, he was stoned to death, a captive in Egypt.

A poet as well as a prophet was Jeremiah—an intense, shaggy, Carlylean sort of man, who could not compromise and thus be popular. He felt the sting of his isolation, the sorrow of being chosen by God to tell truth to scoffers. He is full of the Virgilian sense of tears in mortal things.

We get close to the heart-beat of his life—closer than to the inwardness of any other prophet. His book is a sort of autobiography of his struggle with the world and the time-spirit. It is his interpretation of the mystery of existence. In his heart was Hamlet's cry,

The world is out of joint. Oh, cursed spite
That I was ever born to set it right!

So Jeremiah calls out:

Woe is me, my mother, that thou hast borne me a man of strife and a man of contention to the whole earth.

His work bore fruit, and the man spat upon by his idolatrous countrymen was the great influence that overthrew the old formal national religion and stood for individual righteousness, and the "new covenant" of the spirit that cried unceasingly for loving kindness and brotherhood on earth. Harken to his words:

Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah: not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt; which my covenant they brake . . . But this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my law in their inward parts, and in their heart will I write it.

No people of any age have ever listened to their prophets cheerfully; for no people like to hear themselves denounced, like to see themselves pictured in the accusing light of the eternal righteousness. Accordingly, all prophets have been looked on by their own era as prophets of evil. Why did the old prophets always carry a staff? Because, being accustomed to speak truths to the great, they always kept themselves in readiness for exile.

All prophets are outcasts in their own time—even the prophets of to-day. Certain it is that some of the men now being denounced and discredited as prophets of evil by pulpit and press, will in some later day be lifted into the universal honor of mankind. Therefore, let us step carefully and keep the open mind, lest the wisdom of the future shall condemn the folly of the present.

Jeremiah was a man of vision who did not spare the tragic follies of the people. Harken to one of his perorations:

Among my people are found wicked men: they watch, as fowlers lie in wait; they set a trap, they catch men. As a cage is full of birds, so are their houses full of deceit: therefore they are become great, and waxen rich. They are waxen fat, they shine: yea, they overpass in deeds of wickedness: they plead not the cause, the cause of the fatherless, that they should prosper; and the right of the needy do they not judge. . . . Shall not my soul, saith the Lord, be avenged on such a nation as this?

In the celebrated passage concerning the clay and the potter, the old problem crashes upon us again, and Jeremiah is encouraged, thinking that as the potter flings aside a broken jar, and starts to make another, so he, the despised prophet, must put away his old unheeded pleas and address his people anew:

Then I went down to the potter's house, and, behold, he wrought his work on the wheels. And when the vessel that he made of the clay was marred in the hand of the potter, he made

it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it.

Then the word of the Lord came to me, saying, O house of Israel, can not I do with you as this potter? Behold, as the clay in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand, O house of Israel.

In book six, Jeremiah touches the problem that Isaiah dwells upon—the oppression of the workers. Tremendous annunciations of doom also thunder in, as in "The Cup of the Lord's Fury," all rising to the terrific doom of Babylon—a seven-fold thunder of words, dramatizing the attack, the fall and the sorrow. Into the whirling imagery are hurled the tempest, the canker-worms, the battle-axe and the destroying mountains.

We have listened to the declarations and denunciations of two great prophets of old. Never elsewhere in the world—in ancient or modern times—have there been heard such passionate imprecations against injustice and such lofty appeals to the nobilities in man.

Now Ezekiel swings into the tempestuous panorama. He comes with another mood of sublimity—the mood of the open skies and running streams and blowing boughs. He sees Israel as a vision of sheep and shepherds—the shepherds false to their flocks, and the sheep wandering afar and astray, while the Lord watches them on the mountains and by the rivers of clear water.

Woe unto the shepherds of Israel that do feed themselves! should not the shepherds feed the sheep? Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool, ye kill the fatlings; but ye feed not the sheep.

Ezekiel, one of the greatest prophets, was among the captives banished from Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, and he dwelt for a time by the river Chebar in Babylon. He was a prophet and counselor to his people, cast off as they were from home and the Temple. His first book, written before the Exile, is full of the prophecies of the destruction of the Temple. In the second book he foregoes the Israelitish idea of God's kingdom depending upon the continuance of Israel and the Temple. In the language of the critics of to-day, he sought refuge in the literature of "escape;" so he built for his people a continuing city of the spirit, a country and a home for the soul.

The work of Ezekiel has a leisurely movement and finish, also a pastoral touch not found in prophets living in the thick of events. He deals more in vistas and visions. He is more of a mystic working in images and allegories. Nations become animals or plants. The house of David is a cedar, Egypt is a crocodile, Chaldea is an eagle.

Emblem prophecies or allegories are peculiarly distinctive in Ezekiel, as in "The Valley of Dry Bones," where the bones are inspired from the four winds and become a great army with banners.

Ezekiel is not easy reading: meaning mounts upon meaning, mystery caverns under mystery. This prophet is usually hung, like Mahomet's sword, between earth and sky. Scenes fantastic, like scenes in running water or in sunset skies, arise and dissolve. Shapes, multiform, magnified, magnificent, like mirages of the desert, flash and flare and fade:

And I look, and, behold, a stormy wind came out of the north, a great cloud, with a fire infolding itself, and a brightness round about it, and out of the midst thereof as the color of amber, out of the midst of the fire. And out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their appearance; they had the likeness of a man. And every one had four faces, and every one of them had four wings. And their feet were straight feet; and the sole of their feet was like the sole of a calf's foot: and they sparkled like the color of burnished brass. And they had the hands of a man under their wings on their four sides: and they four had their faces and their wings thus; their wings were joined one to another; they turned not when they went; they went every one straight forward. As for the likeness of their faces, they had the face of a man; and they four had the face of a lion on the right side; and they four had the face of an ox on the left side; they four had also the face of an eagle. And their faces and their wings were separate above; two wings of every one were joined one to another, and two covered their bodies. And they went every one straight forward; whither the spirit was to go, they went; they turned not when they went.

In this mighty vision, behold the forces of nature, figures of animals, forms and fragments of men, of oxen, of eagles, wheels within golden wheels—all living, all moving, as to the voice of a multitude of waters, and controlled by some strange inner power. Crystal and amber are the skies above and below the vision; and on a sapphire throne in the distance, "a likeness as the appearance of a man" emerges in the irised glow that radiates about the tremendous apparition.

How awe-inspiring the vision, as if we had gazed into chaos whirling into life; and how fearful the Voice, and how mysterious the veiled face of the Infinite! For at the end of all is Man!

Dante and Milton are of the order of Ezekiel, peering after things hidden, things too bright for the human eye. Like a Dante, he plunges the enemies of Israel into Hell—Pharaoh, Tubal, Edom, and the rest, all "in one red burial blent."

Ezekiel's wife dies, the desire of his heart; but he will not murmur against God; he will not show his grief. Only the more does he take refuge in vision. Read the account of the death of his beloved one—so simple, so touching, so majestically tender and piteous:

Also the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke: yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down. Sigh, but not aloud; make no mourning for the dead, bind thy headtire upon thee, and put thy shoes upon thy feet, and cover not thy lips, and eat not the bread of men. So I spake unto the people in the morning; and at even my wife died.

In the great rhapsodies of the prophets, we rise to the realm of the spiritual and behold, as from God's side, the vast age-long movements of the Lord as a Warrior, side by side with the steadfast alliance of the Heavenly Host, in their effort to work out the divine destiny of these tribes of men. Mighty voices carry forward the action of these great figures and forces—voices of the delivered and voices of the doomed—voices from the east and from the west, from the hills and from the waters, from the intense heights and from the profound gulfs. Scene after scene of triumph or of catastrophe bursts upon us in the movement of the mighty panorama, a panorama wherein tribes and nations are called to their judgment and are hurled onward to their destinies. We stand hushed and exalted in the presence of these stupendous movements of fate.

Cruising Around a Changing World

V "Following the Forty-niners"

John van Schaick, Jr.

EIGHTY thousand people, mainly Americans, rushed to California in 1849. Most of those who started in the winter took ship to the Isthmus of Panama, crossed with inconceivable difficulty, and embarked again on the other side.

"Uncle John," in my wife's family, was a forty-niner, and lived until a few years ago. We have heard him talk about Darien, Panama, the Chagres fever, which nearly killed him, and the other hardships of the journey. "Uncle George" lies buried in California. The father of a sister-in-law also died there. She never knew her father. Many an American family has such traditions. Some date wealth and power from those days. Many families were wiped out.

If it takes us eight or nine days on a fast steamer to make the journey from Panama to San Francisco what must it have taken the forty-niners? Nor did they have ice water and electric fans on their vessels for the tropical heat, nor two orchestras, nor wide promenade decks, nor attentive stewards, nor trained nurses, nor a gymnasium, nor a swimming pool, nor palatial lounges, drawing rooms and smoking rooms, nor a menu in which appears almost every conceivable article of food from Cape Cod oysters to Cuban pineapples and grapefruit. They had no such mixed grills—those old forty-niners—nor cooling fruits, and by the thousand they died of fever and scurvy. Nor in the long weeks that they were beating up the coast or lumbering along in the slow steamers of those days did they have the facilities of the radio to summon relatives of sick people to San Francisco to meet them, as I have in two cases this afternoon. Nor did any word of death at home come down out of the sky, as happened to a poor lady yesterday.

At our table to-day we have been talking about these forty-niners and what we owe to them. Many of them, not our relatives of course, were a tough lot. But God makes even the wrath and cupidity and folly of men to praise Him. These tough men built one of the greatest states of the Union.

No American state has had a beginning like California. Texas of course was tied up to Mexico much in the same way, and her secession and application for admission to the United States was the cause of the Mexican War. In the years before that war, California was a territory of Mexico, with a job lot population of Mexicans, Americans, tramps and filibusters. She was annexed occasionally by some ship sailing into one of her harbors, and then given back the next day. The government was first Spanish and later Mexican, when Mexico seceded from Spain, but California was so remote that there was hardly any government at all.

In those early days the missions were the interesting thing, both from the standpoint of religion and the standpoint of agriculture, manufacturing and trade. Junipero Serra, who founded them, was the great power in California in the eighteenth century, and it is a happy thing to remember that, in this rough lawless century and region, he was as pure as he was able.

Our forty-niners knew nothing about Serra, nothing about the missions, nothing about the little opera bouffe wars staged there in the early part of the nineteenth century. All they knew was that the year before Mexico had ceded California to the United States, and that gold had been discovered. While Congress wrangled over what to do with the territory, and slavery threw monkey wrenches into all the machinery proposed, the forty-niners started. They got to a land where Spanish law, Mexican law, and the military law of war-time had all ended, where real estate acquired value and lost value in a night, where squatters swarmed and all kinds of conflicting claims were set up.

These eighty thousand who reached California in '49 were all excited, some desperate, and many criminal. Never was there a more interesting experiment in democracy. They were about as individualistic a lot as ever got together, and for their own salvation they had to be socialized.

How anarchy ensued, how crews deserted ships in the harbors and ran to the gold hills, how judges and prisoners, preachers and hearers, all rushed off together to get wealth, and whole settlements were completely deserted—all this is in the record of the forty-niners. And how the strong men gradually came to the front and made a government—all this is in the record too. The worst traits and the best in American character came out in the days of the forty-niner.

While California had been admitted as a free state in 1850 the fight over slavery did not end, and nothing in the story is more surprising than the way this new, half-formed, lawless state took sides for the Union at the outbreak of the Civil War only eleven years after her admission. Pro-slavery Democrats were in control both of San Francisco and the State Government. J. B. Floyd, Secretary for the Confederacy, is supposed to have shipped 75,000 arms to pro-slavery elements in the state. The scheme was to get California to join the Confederacy, or at least secede and organize a Pacific Coast Republic. But there was a dynamic human factor they had not reckoned on. All the pro-Union forces of California suddenly rallied. Volunteers joined the Union armies. The contributions of San Francisco to the Sanitary Commission were greater than of any other city of the country.

No mere denominational pride, but the sober voice of history, declares that this was largely due to the personal magnetism and compelling eloquence of the Universalist-Unitarian preacher, Thomas Starr King, son of that Universalist pioneer, the Rev. Thomas Farrington King. He was "the heroic war-time figure of San Francisco—the leader of her patriotism." How Starr King went to California in pioneer days, how he caught the imagination of the free, untrammeled men who swarmed there, how he led them, molded them,

held them by his sermons and his lectures, how he was a voice for Union and Liberty all up and down the Pacific Coast, and how he gave his life for something infinitely bigger than mere denominationalism, is one of the romantic and inspiring stories of the American pulpit. Only forty years old when he died in 1864, what a power he was and still is!

We are following up the coast on the trail of these forty-niners. Canadians and Americans, French and British, Cubans and Assyrians—we are all in the same ship. For days we were going along Central America, and then more days along Mexico, and yesterday and to-day in sight of the rocky, barren, broken coast of the peninsula of Lower California, which some of our geographers, God bless them, think is a part of our country. Dream-like headlands rise out of a misty sea softly lighted by the sun, which seldom hides himself in clouds. Thousands and thousands of square miles in these various countries are barren and other vast areas are unreclaimed jungle. In our own country similar conditions exist. Our Reclamation Service has irrigated great deserts, but vast areas still wait for the brain and the courage of the pioneer.

The world is young. Isn't it lucky for us that we came along just now? Things are not "all over." In physical, mental and moral realms there is any amount of exploration and settling to do. With all of our pride in our various achievements, the bedrock fact is that we are still a young species. Why do we want it all settled? "Why so hot, little man?" The glorious, thrilling, desperate battles did not all get fought before we started, and a lot of us haven't brains enough to realize it or heart enough to glory in it. The going on to greater things depends on the pioneers.

It is a queer thing that some of us in what is called the Liberal Church get so tired of being pioneers. We long for the well-paved streets, the settled conditions, the fixed tenures, of the old places. And yet there is just as much for the innovator, the explorer, the pioneer, to do in morals, sociology and theology as there is for the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Reclamation Service, the National Geographic Society and the Smithsonian to do in physical things.

It will be a great thing to have the new United Free Church in place of a lot of little dwindling liberal sects. It is bound to come. But it will be important and useful only as it keeps the courageous forward-looking spirit of the pioneers.

The "Front Porch" Writer Discovered

Lee S. McCollester

I HAVE sat on the "Front Porch" from which the delightful "Front Porch Studies" of Dr. Bisbee have come. The porch, vine-covered, belongs to a cunning little bungalow of the Miami type. The sun may shine hot, but once under the porch or within the house, one finds coolness and comfort.

Dr. Bisbee takes life quietly these days. Sometimes one visits him as he rests upon his bed and sometimes as he rolls about the house in his wheeled chair. The rebellious body ties him down, but the unconquered spirit devises plans for the Miami church, "Porch Studies" for the *Leader*, and contributions for the Miami press. A cheery voice always greets the visitor, and the smile that won't come off is always present. During our sojourn in Miami I had several chats with the editor, and am sending out to all his friends his cheery message: "I am getting better and better every day, in every way."

On the Front Porch, I also had visits with "Eleanor," who fills all sorts of offices. She "runs" the house, looks after her father's needs, "spells" the nurse, is amanuensis for her father, and fills with ability leading editorial departments on the *Miami Daily Metropolis*. That she is appreciated is shown by the work that is put upon her, the freedom given her, the auto provided her, and the climbing salary awarded her. Eleanor is an influential factor in Miami newspaper life.

There is a Universalist church in Miami, the work of Dr. Bisbee. The first Sunday of my stay in the city, I went to church as a layman, and managed to escape the searching eye of the minister, Dr. Cook. It is too bad a weary Northerner can not stay *incog*, but friends from New England, Ohio and Michigan spied the modest college dean, and without his consent the preacher announced, "Dr. McCollester will preach here next Sunday." He preached, held conferences with the trustees of the church, spoke at the Rotary Club dinner and dined and teaed and sailed with old and new friends. But there was good cheer about it all. The church services in Fairfax Theater, a large and very attractive auditorium, with unusually fine music, were reverent, uplifting and worth while. Dr. Bisbee and Dr. Cook, the latter being the present preacher, have been speaking to increasing audiences made up of a fine group of local people and of tourists from all parts of the country. It seems to me that this is a point to be generously supported by the General Convention, and from which our thoughts may be sent far and wide. Those who have carried on the work thus far deserve much praise and loyal support for their effective work. Dr. Bisbee's influence is strong, and Dr. Cook, who came here when Dr. Bisbee was taken ill, is carrying on the work successfully. The trustees of the church are active business men of the city and held in high regard by the people of Miami.

Miami is a city of wonderful zeal and with a wonderful future. "It is always June in Miami," and an increasing number of people from all parts of the North are sure to come not only to visit, but to build homes. Day and night, during the time we were here, the temperature ranged between 73 and 80 degrees. It was hot in the sun, but always cool in the shadow. In the city streets one may have noise and rush, but at Cocoanut Grove or other suburbs quiet and verdure, and by the sea beautiful views and constant refreshing breezes.

We went South for rest and to escape some of the

wintry winds of the North. We had a taste of all of the extremes Florida can provide. At Miami we had July heat and at Ormond Beach a "norther" that drove the waves high up the sand dunes and sent the mercury to the freezing point. We had the extremes of Florida life, such as the rush and speed of Miami City and the solitude of Ormond. We had delightful tastes of Florida play life, such as motoring along the shore drives and amid orchards of grapefruit and oranges and fields of strawberries, boat rides in the glass-bottomed boat to the sea gardens on the coral shallows and in the private yacht of Mr. Luden about the resorts of Biscayne Bay. We had delightful visits with old-time friends from the North and West, and hospitable entertainment from long-time citizens of Florida. It has all been delightful, and now more than ever we shall want to go to Miami whenever the drifts pile high on College Hill.

Representative Universalists

II | "Aunt Lucy" Hurst

ONE morning in May, 1849, on the seventeenth day, to be exact, a tiny bit of Universalist humanity came into the family of N. R. and Louisa Stedman at Aurora, Indiana. Little Lucy was the fifth daughter who had been born into the Stedman family, and so of course she was doomed to be spoiled and greatly loved by so many big sisters.

For ten years little Lucy grew and developed in the Hoosier State, but late in 1859 the family moved

AUNT LUCY

to Natchez, Mississippi, where they remained till after the siege of Vicksburg, one of the turning points of the Civil War.

Aunt Lucy is full of Civil War reminiscences—for what child born in Indiana, and at the age of ten moving right under the muzzle of the Vicksburg siege guns, and staying for four or five years, would not be full of the story, the pathos, and the romance of those days?

It was a pleasure-loving, care-free young woman of sixteen who was sent to Chicago to a "finishing school" to complete her education, but in 1864 Lucy was suddenly called home, on account of the serious illness of her mother.

It takes sudden shocks like this to awaken in us the true spirit and being. Suddenly the irresponsible nature turns over and responsibility comes as naturally as though it had been in training for years. The care-free nature shows an immediate reversal of form and the most careful loving kindness takes its place. Such was the case here, and Lucy Stedman in one moment threw off the disguise of frivolous girlhood, appearing in her true self, the quiet, dutiful little daughter, who for a year and a half watched, prayed and toiled, and nursed her mother, who in 1865 passed away.

In 1874 the real realities came, when she decided that one man would make her life complete. Aunt Lucy says, "I've changed my views since then, however, for since I've grown older I find that it is *people*, and lots of them, that help us to live our incomplete lives." Although but seven years of married life were allowed Mrs. Hurst, yet they were years full of experience, loving motherhood and deepest sorrow. This world has no room for grouches, for fault-finders, for gloom-bearers, or gossips; the wise ones who have troubles (and where is the one who has not his share?) work them off and literally come "smilin' through." So did Aunt Lucy. Three fine boys started with the Hurst name, but one by one God took them to a better life. Fred, who was to have joined the Universalist Church at the next "monthly preaching," was called home at the age of nineteen. Then came a little sister, who for six years was the sunshine of the family till they laid her beside her father and brother in Oakwood, Chicago.

What is the secret of all this, this supreme happiness through trouble, this animation in the face of death, and this spirit of cheerfulness and voice of laughter in what we so erroneously call the evening of life? It is so simple. There is no evening in the life of the true Universalist. It is always morning.

> "Each morn there dawns a brighter hope,"
> Each day there shines a clearer sky."

Three, yes, perhaps four, generations of Universalism insure this, for Aunt Lucy says, about her denominational history: "I do not know how many generations back, on my father's side, Universalism took root, but I do know his parents were strong in the faith. I have evidence in a letter written by my great-grandfather Cotton, before I was born, when he exhorts his children (my grandparents) not to take up

with 'man-made creeds' but to follow the teachings of Jesus and the Bible."

So then, why not hold up to the public view this little lady of Waldron, Indiana, who to-day is the life and spirit of the Thompson Universalist Home, where her happy smile and cheerful word greet the visitor and where her hearty handshake and graceful word bid him adieu.

The Washington Memorial Church and Perin-Cate House

Memorial Columns and Other Memorials

IN this issue of the *Leader* we publish two more views of the specific memorials of the National Memorial Church. We are giving a near view of the portico of the House of Worship, and of its columns. We are also displaying another view of the interior of the church, in the center of which is

A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR

one of the columns by which the overhead arches are supported.

The frontal columns of the entire memorial group, fourteen in number, are massive and impressive. Washington is a city of monumental buildings, far-famed for their beauty, most of them being flanked by long rows of stately stone columns. The conception carried out with reference to all three of the buildings constituting the Memorial Group is in keeping with the most notable architectural achievements in the Capital City. Fourteen of these stone pillars distinguish the front of our National Memorial, six for the House of Worship and four each for the House of Service and the House of Study.

The interior of the House of Worship will be characterized by a row of four columns each on either side of the edifice. The effect will be one of beauty, grace and simple dignity.

Now let us bear in mind that in all three units of the Memorial Group, but in the House of Worship especially, we propose to reincarnate the spirit and ideals of our history in such a way that every part of it will be sacred to our past. As such it will be a voice of inspiration and prophecy for the future. It will be easy to single out a number of our truly great preachers who have passed from our midst, for whom these columns should be given as memorials. We think at once of such men as Miner, Pullman, Chapin and others, who were towers of strength in their day. The churches they served will claim the right and the privilege of enshrining their names in our national temple.

Will the churches be assigned quotas as they were in the Drive of 1919? is the question that is most frequently asked. Always the tone of voice in which the question is put indicates that the quotas are desired and expected. The answer, of course, is yes. There is no other method by which we can go about our task intelligently. It should be remembered, however, that the quotas are not assessments. They are not a tax that is levied. They are supplied merely as guides and helps to all of us in taking hold of our undertaking in a way that promises success. We are a free denomination made up of free churches. We assume our own obligations instead of having them imposed upon us from above. Our churches will cheerfully accept their quotas in the Memorial Church and Perin-Cate House Campaign because they are of their own making and because they come to them in response to their own decree.

These quotas will be computed, as were those of the Drive in 1919, on the basis of the annual parish quota to the General Convention. This annual quota, it should be explained for the benefit of all who may not know, is two per cent of the annual budget of the local church. It is, therefore, the only reliable source of information we have at our command from which to form an estimate of the financial strength of our churches, and quotas based upon such statistics will be as fair to all concerned as is possible under the circumstances.

In accepting the quota for your church, therefore,

you will not look upon it as an obligation to be met, but as a service of love that is joyfully received. Think of it in the terms of a memorial, or several of them, given in honor of some devoutly revered name or names connected with the history of your parish. The name to be thus enshrined in our National Memorial may be that of some faithful minister of bygone days, or of some devoted member of the laity. Some in both of these classes have not only been a credit to their own home church but have rendered notable service to their denomination in many instances by holding state and national offices. Look through your parish history for such personages and, finding them, select one or more of the specific memorials available, and appeal to your people for your quota, as a memorial to them.

Following the plan adopted for the Memorial Church, in the Perin-Cate House we propose to carry out as far as possible the idea of specific memorials given in honor of those whose names may be fittingly enshrined therein. Dr. Gideon Isaac Keirn has passed away since the house was named in memory of his two predecessors, but the institution should include some adequate testimonial to the earnest labors of this faithful servant of our Church and its Mission in Japan.

The home is to be a three-story structure. On the first floor will be located the social rooms, the dining room, the entrance hall and the office, all of which will be arranged in such a way that they can be thrown into one large assembly hall for social and religious meetings where quite a number will be in attendance.

On the second and third floors will be located quarters for the students, twenty-four in number, accommodated in twelve rooms. Equipment for the students' rooms will consist of two single beds, a double desk, chairs, etc.

It is suggested that each of these dormitory rooms, the social rooms, the dining hall, entrance hall and office, together with the furnishings, be given as memorials or as testimonials of appreciation for the services of those who have consecrated themselves to this worthy cause in behalf of Universal Brotherhood.

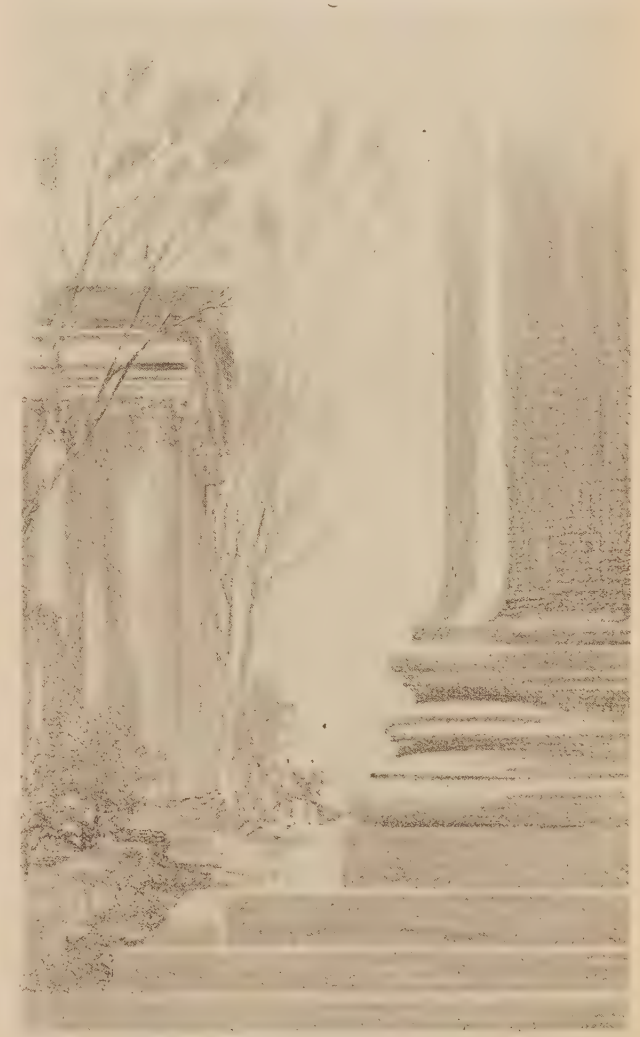
Provision, of course, is to be made for all who would like to give a memorial to be sacred to some friend, brother, sister, husband, wife, son or daughter, whose devotion to our Church has made our history memorable. It is hoped that every gift made will be a tribute to some one whose name has been the symbol of fidelity to our faith and of service to our Church.

All of the memorial gifts will be recorded in a Souvenir Booklet to be published when the records have been completed, which will give the name of the one remembered and also that of the person or persons making the gift, and such other information as may be possible.

The morning mail the other day brought a very appealing letter from a woman in one of the Mid-Western States. Her name is withheld, but the story speaks for itself. In memory of her only child, a son, she gives ten dollars for the Perin-Cate House. Her boy has gone from her, but out of the love she bore him, and to keep his memory fragrant, she helps to provide a home for a Japanese boy.

In memory of her husband she gives ten dollars to the National Memorial Church, and the same amount for each as a memorial to her sisters. In appreciation of this "most noble and worthy enterprise" she gives ten dollars for herself. In all a memorial gift of fifty dollars.

Surely this woman has passed through the dark valley of the shadow to see her loved ones pass out of the shadow into light. They walk with her no more except in the spirit. They live, however, in the garden of her memory. She enshrines the name of her son in the Home for Boys in a far-away land, a golden link in the chain of Universal Brotherhood, while the names of her husband and sisters are immortalized in our beautiful spiritual shrine in the Nation's Capital. Her own name recorded in the Book of Memory, or Founders' Volume, in the National Church will tell the story of her own devotion to her faith. A Founder's Certificate bearing the gold seal of the General Convention has been mailed to her in acknowledgment of her memorial gift.



PORTICO AND COLUMNS

The Youth of To-day

The best answer to the pessimistic critics of modern youth is modern youth itself. Here are two representative addresses made in the same church on Young People's Day. How many of their elder critics at the same age thought as wisely or spoke as clearly?

ARE THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF TO-DAY AS BAD AS THEY ARE PAINTED?

Paul Fuller

THIS subject is very popular at the present time with newspaper and magazine editors who write either from the affirmative or negative point of view, merely because they know that, whichever way they choose, they will create sensation and interest among their readers.

I have read these articles, and I have heard people talk, and I believe that the opinion of most people favors the affirmative, that the young person of to-day is immoral, that his chief ambition is to spend his time in dance halls, rioting with his greatest degrader, Jazz. He holds his life for nothing except to eat, drink, and be merry in, and never thinks of his education or his religion. His manners are bad! His dress is worse! His idea of refinement is terrible! And, generally speaking, he lacks all of the finer things in both character and culture.

Conditions may have changed, and the young person of to-day may seem to lead a much wilder life than his forefathers, but this is because he has many more temptations to withstand than had the former generations. First, the average youth has too much money to spend; second, the nation is amusement mad, and third, the days of the chaperon are over.

Youth will have its fling! It always has, and no doubt always will. If you deprive it of certain privileges, it takes the matter into its own hands, and celebrates with interest. You all know how it is. You know how you liked to dance, how you enjoyed parties, theaters, and sleighrides, and even if you didn't hear the wild strains of the saxophone, and bob your hair, and let your overshoes flop, you did similar things, just as foolish. But, along with that, you had your serious side of life. You paid attention to your education and your religion, just as the young person of to-day does.

Oh, we're not such a bad lot. We're not as bad as we are painted by the people who use so little sense in judging us.

I wish that some of you older people would attend some of the Y. P. C. U. Conventions, such as the one which was held in Providence at New Year's. There were between two and three hundred delegates present, coming from all over New England, and I remember of hearing two of the ministers who were there speak of what a fine-looking lot of young people we were, and I don't think that they meant the word "fine" in the sense of beautiful, either.

We had our fun; we had our work. We needed both. The convention opened on a Saturday afternoon, with various conferences on religious work. Then we had our banquet and our dance. Sunday was entirely devoted to church services and conferences, as was Monday morning. By Monday noon, every one was tired. We needed recreation, and as it rained without, we danced within, and then departed for home, two hundred happy young people, each with a new vision, and with courage to act in the interests of the Universalist faith.

Friends, are the souls of the young people to-day beyond the state of redemption? Are we such sinners that only jazz and movies show for our work? Are we so immoral that religion and education are out of the question? Are the young people of to-day as bad as that?

No! The young people of to-day are the hope of the world. Upon them rests the settlement of the world-wide social chaos. We are preparing to meet it. We know a little more than simply how to dance. We understand a little more than common flapper talk. We appreciate a little real music now and then.

We are only human, and though we may appear to care for amusement and recreation a great deal more than for education and religion, we will outgrow these conditions, and later on, will settle down to our life work.

"And we are young, and hope is high;
We raise no gladiatorial cry
Of 'We who are about to die
Salute you!' For the world is fair,
And many gifts has it to give,
So hear our challenge everywhere
Of 'We who are about to live
Salute you!' "

West Somerville, Mass.

* *

THE TASK OF THE MODERN YOUNG WOMAN

Frances Preble

THE last Sunday in January has for several years been set apart by the Universalist Church as Young People's Day. This is a day on which the young people have the opportunity to speak to the older people. We have the opportunity to tell what we are doing, what we hope to do, and to express our opinions of the world in which we find ourselves.

The topic which I have chosen for my subject is "The Task of the Modern Young Woman."

There are about one hundred million persons in the United States. It seems as if at least one million of them must be young women between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. If all these young women earnestly set to work for the betterment of the world, think what a tremendous power for good would be exerted.

Of course we have only a small part of this great army in the Y. P. C. U., but to those whom we have we try to give high ideals, so that, wherever they are now, and wherever they may be in the future, they will be a force for positive good in the world.

Jesus said, "I came that they might have life and have it more abundantly." Into this world of trouble and chaos God has sent each one of us for a very definite purpose. To some He has revealed their tasks, others He has helped to find them and to others He has not yet shown their work, but left them

to decide what to do with their life, and the Union helps such young people to find their place in the world.

Let us imagine a young person suddenly becoming heir to a vast estate which he had not expected to inherit. If he were an earnest and faithful young man he would be eager to look over his property, see its good points and see where there were poor investments to be changed.

He would go through the buildings to find out if they needed improvement. He would observe what his predecessors had done, and study to see which of their methods were good, which were bad, and would plan what he could do to pass the inheritance on to the next heir in better condition than when he received it. He would also want to manage his property in such a way as to enjoy it as much as possible while it was in his possession. Now the young people of to-day are like this young man.

God has given to each one of us an equal heritage. He has given us this world with all its accomplishments and advantages and past history. We have had no part in the history of the world, but we inherit all it has of good and bad.

Sometimes young people find a good deal of fault with the heritage, and say their elders have done a bad job and mussed things all up. I think we should look for the good in history and realize that many good things have already been done for us by our ancestors.

For example, take the problem of human slavery in this country. That has already been settled for us so that we do not have to spend any more energy on that. In the earlier days of this country there used to be terrible epidemics such as yellow fever and small-pox. Scientists have nearly driven out such plagues for us.

Bright men have already invented automobiles, aeroplanes, radios and many other things which we would really have liked the fun of inventing for ourselves, but perhaps we can find something else to invent at or least improve on the models now in use.

I could mention many other fine things which come to us in our heritage but I must go on with the real theme of the Task of the Modern Young Woman. We have to take this world as we find it, and leave it better when we go out of it.

Sir Isaac Newton was one of the world's greatest scientists, but when he was praised for his knowledge and called "a giant among men," he said, "If I am a giant, it is only because I stand on the shoulders of other men." And so we, if we do great things for our generation, are helped by what others have previously done.

But we have some very real problems before us. There are things in the world which we want to change. It seems to me these are some of the modern American problems, and are things in which young women should take an interest.

Being a graduate of a high school, and being in an advanced school, I appreciate the advantage of education, but I am sure that our educational system needs improvement. There is a wonderful opportunity for young women who will fit themselves for teaching; because if they have high ideals they can do so much to train boys and girls to be good citizens. Of course many girls do not want to teach, but they can know about the schools where they live, use their influence to have good teachers hired and encourage the teachers in their work. I do not think that the parents and children realize what a public service the school teacher is performing when she devotes her life to teaching.

It is only a step from education to the home. It seems as if altogether too many homes are broken up these days, and too many boys and girls are started out in life without even knowing what a real home is. It seems as if the modern young woman ought to get a better appreciation of what home is, and how to make it a happy place for her family. It is the testimony of our greatest statesmen that good homes mean the safety of our nation, and it is impossible to have good homes without good mothers. Lincoln once said, "All that I am, or ever hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." And most of us are grateful to our mothers for the best we have in our lives. It is the task of every mother to teach her children the right principles of living. She has given one life to God by so doing. The woman who does not feel this to be her task has thrown away the most precious gift of God-life.

Perhaps if boys and girls had better homes and were not turned out into the streets to find their own amusements and make all kinds of bad associations, there would not be so much lawlessness in this country.

It also seems to me that we need to find some better ideals for life. So many people think that getting and spending money is all there is to be desired. Capitalists try to crush labor and keep it down, to build up greater fortunes—and laborers try to do as little as they can for as much money as they can possibly get. Men have made money their ambition until the world is carried on by political graft. If gold is made the end of our effort it becomes a monster that eats out the very heart and soul of man. The Bible says: "If I have made gold my hope, and have said to the fine gold, Thou art my confidence; if I have rejoiced because my wealth was great, and because my hand had gotten much; it is also an iniquity to be punished by the judges; for I should have denied the God above." One of our tasks is to see that honor, truth, purity, and justice are better than money.

There is one other task I wish to speak of. In past ages each nation lived largely for itself, being friendly with others or quarreling with them as seemed to be its own advantage. We are just beginning to learn that the nations really make up a big world family. We are not used to the idea yet, but the present generation must help the world to live together in neighborliness. I am afraid that we shall have to leave part of this task for others to finish, but we can at least do something.

During the past few years women have come to have a share in the management of political affairs. This is another of the tasks of the modern girl. It is the task of every young woman to see that the principles of Christ are carried through all public work. We need to learn how our city, state and nation are

governed. We need to see that honorable men and competent women are elected to office. We need to see that our laws are just and that they are properly executed. Of course this is also the task of young men, but the young women have got to help now, and learn not to shirk their responsibilities.

In the beginning I quoted Jesus' words. "I came that they might have life and have it more abundantly." This should be the motto of the modern young woman as she looks at the task before her. She should strive to so live that her life, work, and influence will make this world a better and happier place to live in.

If you had the world to make over again what would you change? Would you change the world or the people in it? The trouble is not with God's world but with His people. It is the hearts of His people you would change. You would push out all the old sorrows and sins and in their place put new hopes and joys by putting Christ into them. This is the Task of the Modern Young Woman.

West Somerville, Mass.

Vest Pocket Lay Sermons

XVI Spinoza

Agricola

THE German Novalis called Spinoza *"ein Gott-trunkener Mann,"* a God-intoxicated man. Certain it is that Benedictus de Spinoza lived in pious ecstasy almost as completely as did the medieval saints. In his soul God was an ever-present and all-powerful reality. This lonely and pathetic figure struggled throughout life with the great problem of the origin of the universe and the real nature of appearance. His favorite phrase was *"sub specie aeternitatis."* Profoundly versed in Plato and learned in the geometry of Descartes, he sought to demonstrate the existence of God by mathematical theorems, asserting that proof was as certain here as in the domain of numbers. Axioms, propositions and theorems, Euclidean in form, were piled up into the most formidable array ever attempted by any human being. For the first time in history mathematics became a serious ally of philosophy.

A Portuguese Jew, born in Amsterdam, learned in all the rich traditions of Israel, early in life he deserted his ancestral faith to follow truth as a philosopher must, without the trammels of sect or race. Of medium stature, with dark eyes and the features of his race, a lens grinder to earn a meager living, and a dreamer of mighty dreams when his hands were not busy, he was excommunicated by the Jews and never attained wealth, honors or station. Yet his great genius did not go unrecognized. Heidelberg invited him to a professorship in her famous University. He preferred, however, to stay at The Hague, lived there in poverty, and died at the early age of forty-four. He possessed perhaps the most brilliant philosophic intellect since Plato. To explain the universe he devoted the most profound thought and unflagging energy.

Think of the hardihood of trying in the seventeenth century to demonstrate the existence of a God as one would the Pythagorean theorem! Not even the most pious theist would attempt such a thing to-day or deem it possible. Listen to these propositions:

(8) Every substance is necessarily infinite.

(11) God, or substance, consisting of infinite attributes, of which each expresses eternal and infinite essentiality, necessarily exists.

(14) Besides God no substance can be granted or conceived.

(15) Whatsoever is, is in God, and without God nothing can be, or be conceived. *Q.E.D.*

Then follow proofs, arguments, corollaries, conclusions. It is remorseless logic trying to work in an elusive medium. One sees in the last two of these propositions the essential features of Spinoza's Pantheism, for he believed that the totality of the universe is God. One of the most famous of his statements is that God by His very nature could not have created the universe other than it is.

Read his immortal work on Ethics published at the age of thirty-two, and you will perceive the sweep of his genius and the depth of his piety. If he was a Pantheist it was not because he elevated matter to the nature of God, but because he believed that God was so all-inclusive as to invest matter with His divine essence. If he did away with a personal God it was only because he believed God to be too universal.

This great and tender soul lived in want because he loved truth more than riches, and the search for truth more than ancestral tradition or worldly station. For a hundred years his memory was clouded with obloquy. The nineteenth century restored him to his rightful place as one of the philosophic leaders of mankind.

The Church Speaks

CRITICS of our divided and sometimes divisive Protestantism frequently tell us that it can not speak with power because it does not speak with unity. That is not true in the present world crisis. The administrative committee of the Federal Council of Churches has spoken for the twenty-five million it directly represents, and for the rest of us no less, in its recent declaration concerning our own country and its responsibility in the present crisis. We ask every Universalist to read the following declaration.

"The Administrative Committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America believes that it is voicing the moral judgment of the overwhelming majority of thoughtful Christian people in making the following declaration:

"First: We believe that the United States should accept its full share of responsibility for bringing about an effective settlement of international problems. There are those who think the Government has a mandate from the people to pursue a policy of aloofness. We do not thus understand the situation. The Churches have declared, and must declare again, their conviction that generous co-operation among the nations is absolutely necessary to cope with the present hunger, strife, uncertainty and despair of the world. The participation of the United States is indispensable to successful co-operative action. An attitude of aloofness exposes our foreign policy to the charge of timidity and ineffectiveness. The present crisis in Europe summons us not to pass judgment on other peoples but in a spirit of humility and self-examination to review our own attitude as a nation and to ask ourselves how we may, by co-operation with other nations, help to meet the overwhelming responsibility which rests upon the entire world.

"Second: We believe that the United States should take the initiative in calling an international conference to consider the whole economic and political situation in Europe, including reparations, debts and armaments, in the endeavor to accomplish in Europe a result comparable to that which was achieved by the Four-Power Pact in the Far East. We welcome the suggestion of President Harding in his message to Congress on Dec. 8, when in referring to that agreement he said: 'It might be made a model for like assurances wherever in the world any common interests are concerned. . . . We believe in the value of conferences and consultation, in the effectiveness of leaders of nations looking each other in the face.'

"In calling such a conference we believe that the United States should make it known, as it did at the opening of the Conference on the Reduction of Armament, that we are ready to make, in common with other nations, whatever concessions, financial or otherwise, may be necessary to bring about an ordered international life. We are convinced that a sacrificial spirit on our part would evoke a willingness in other nations also to make the adjustments that may be needed. Our plans for reconstruction should include not only our allies but our former enemies. Bankers, economists and business men are telling us that only the re-establishment of normal economic conditions in Europe can bring prosperity to American agriculture and industry. What they declare necessary on the basis of enlightened self-interest, we declare necessary also from the standpoint of the Christian ideal of brotherhood. The well-being of our own nation is inseparably bound up with an unselfish consideration of the well-being of the other nations of the world.

"Third: We believe that our Government will not be true to its ideals unless it records a definite protest against any settlement of the Near Eastern question on a basis of expediency or commercial advantage, and without some amends for tragic wrongs which have resulted in the persecution and practical destruction of the Armenian people, and the confiscation of their property. For the good of all nations wrong must be righted, or a nemesis is sure to follow. We would urge that in any further conference on Near East problems our Government should give full power to its delegations in all matters in which the rights of humanity are at stake, and should share with the Allied Powers the responsibility for reaching conclusions based upon righteousness and justice. If the Lausanne Conference is not renewed, we believe that our Government should co-operate and, if necessary, take the initiative in the appointment of an international commission which would deal with the whole subject of the refugee and orphan problem in the Near East, and that it should offer to bear its share in providing whatever may be necessary financially to establish these people in some place of safety and opportunity.

"We call upon the membership of the churches throughout the country to make a united appeal in behalf of this program of international co-operation, to make known their attitude to the President and their representatives in Congress, and to assure the Administration of their aid in developing a strong public opinion in its support. We especially urge Christian people everywhere to approach these momentous issues on their merits, irrespective of all partisan considerations. We make this plea on the highest moral and religious ground, believing that beneath all these problems lies the need of a great spiritual awakening and a deeper conviction that Christian principles are as binding upon national as upon personal conduct."

The New Year in Tokyo

Samuel Gilbert Ayres

ANOTHER year has passed into history in the affairs of our Tokyo church. While we are not altogether satisfied with the record made, we can report progress, and have every assurance that the New Year will be one of larger results for our cause.

One or two things which have greatly encouraged us may be mentioned. First the increasing number of young men at our morning services. We used to consider twenty a good average number; now we frequently run over thirty. This growth is probably due to three or four factors: the English Bible Class conducted by Mr. Stetson, Mrs. Ayres' class in English conversation, Dr. Ayres' meetings on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and Mr. Kawabata's constant endeavor to preach on themes of special interest to the student mind. We see no reason why this growth should not continue. It will if we are alive to our opportunities, and can supply the needs of the young man who is seeking to solve his spiritual and religious problems. Perhaps in all frankness we should say that the young men whom we reach, in a number of cases, have as their primary object in coming to the Mission contact with the foreigner, and the mastery of the English language. If they do come for that purpose we know that what they regard as their necessity is our opportunity to convey to them the message of our faith, and to hold before them the great Christian

ideals. That the opportunity has not been neglected is indicated by the number who attend our Sunday services, and by those who unite with the church.

Another reason for encouragement as we face the New Year is the increasing measure of self-support on the part of the church. To-day all Sunday school expenses, all postage and printing bills, a portion of the gas bill, are paid by the church. The morning collections and subscriptions show a decided increase, and, best of all, there is a determined spirit on the part of both pastor and people to help themselves, and move on towards independence. It will take time to reach the goal, but we are very happy to think that progress is being made toward it.

The work of the New Year starts in well. The regular morning congregations are averaging about sixty. The second Sunday service is a problem, and the attendance is small except at special gatherings. The Sunday school is doing much better than a year ago. Messrs. Suzuki and Takamazawa, the young men having it in charge, are giving it much time and thought.

The week-day meetings at the church conducted by Dr. and Mrs. Ayres are having an average attendance of twenty-five. Dr. Ayres at present is giving a series of addresses on the life of Paul. At the Missionary House Mrs. Ayres is conducting a Sunday morning English Bible Class for young women. The attendance ranges from seven to ten. On Wednesday evenings Mrs. Ayres has a class in English conversation, following which Dr. Ayres is giving a series of addresses on "Liberal Christianity." While the attendance has been small the meetings have given us an opportunity to advertise our work and thought.

Beginning with the New Year the church is issuing a neat little parish paper containing brief reports of the activities of the month, a summary by the treasurer of the receipts and expenditures for 1922, personals and articles by Mr. Kawabata and Dr. Ayres in reference to their hopes and plans for the future. While members are asked to contribute ten sen for a copy, it is distributed free, and paid for out of the parish funds.

Special services were held on Young People's Sunday, the pastor preaching a special sermon for young people in the morning. In the evening a popular Students' Night gathering was held under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Brief addresses were made by three of our young men, and also by Messrs. Stetson and Ayres. At the close games were played and refreshments served. It was a happy occasion, about fifty being present.

Our work this past month has been somewhat inconvenienced by the improvements being made at the church; we hope this month to see them completed. They will give us a better working plant, and ought to assist us in doing larger and better things for our cause.

* * *

"EPISCOPAL CHURCH BREADTH"

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

In your issue of Feb. 3, I find a letter entitled "Episcopal Church 'Breadth' " which puts forward several questions which I should like to answer:

1. "Does the Episcopal Church recognize the Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational (not to say Universalist, or Unitarian), Churches as equally Christian with itself?" The Episcopal Church has never had anything to say about the validity of these other Churches. Nowhere in her creeds or other statements of belief will one find any depreciation of any other Churches.

2. "Does the Episcopal Church allow its ministers to exchange pulpits with the ministers of these Churches?" A minister of the Episcopal Church may preach anywhere he pleases. Under the open-pulpit canon he may obtain from his bishop the authority of the Church to have ministers not episcopally ordained preach from his pulpit. Every Church has to safeguard its pulpit in some way, and the only difference between the way in which the Episcopal Church does so and the way in which other Churches do so is that the Episcopal Church places the matter in the hands of the bishop while the other Churches hold the individual pastor responsible for the men who preach from his pulpit.

3. "Does the Episcopal Church recognize the ordination of these ministers as Christian ordination, or the ministers themselves as real clergymen or priests qualified to administer the Christian sacraments?" The Episcopal Church has never denied the validity of non-episcopal ordination. On page 509 of the Book of Common Prayer the phrase "in this Church" shows that what is stated in the preface to the Ordinal can not be interpreted as having any application (*i. e.* negatively) to those outside the Episcopal Church.

There may be certain temperaments which can not easily adapt themselves to the worship and life of the Episcopal Church, but this fact does not justify one's remaining in ignorance as to what is the official teaching of that Church, nor does it excuse one for drawing hasty conclusions as to the morals of her clergy. I am sure that if the writer would take the pains to make a careful study of the position of the creeds and the liturgy in the use of the Episcopal Church, he would find himself unable to press his charges of hypocrisy and falsehood.

John Foster Savidge.

Church Divinity School of the Pacific,
San Francisco.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of Virtue and Its Reward

NOW on a day when I was weary, I returned unto my House at the going down of the Sun. And Keturah met me at the Door, and she said, My lord, thou art just in time, and thy Supper is ready.

And I sat down at the Tab e and did eat, and everything was Mighty Good.

And I spake unto Keturah, saying, That Cook is Improving, Raise thou her wages, lest thou lose her.

And Keturah laughed aloud.

Then said Keturah, My lord, thou hast paid thy little wife an unintended compliment. This is the Cook's Day Out.

And I said, If it be so, discharge the Cook, and be thou my cook.

And Keturah said, Thou speakest after the man-

er of men, assuming that as Virtue is its own Reward, l that a woman desireth as payment for being a ood Cook is the privilege of doing nothing but Cook. he theory that Virtue is its Own Reward hath been verworked.

And I said, How shall I reward thee?

And she said, It was sufficient Reward to have nee say that the Cook was improving, not suspecting nat it was I to whom thou didst pay the Compliment. or I desire not to be bribed nor yet rewarded, but if nere be any Virtue in cooking a meal which an Husand counteth good, then doth a wife like this, that er effort shall be Recognized. For we live by Approation, Hope and Love, as Wordsworth hath inormed us.

And I said, Yea, but thou shalt have a Reward, or I will wipe the Dishes.

And this I did, and enjoyed it, and I think Keturah njoyed it, also.

And she said, Now will I Reward thee with a Reward which thou mayest claim only on the Cook's ay out.

Now if on that day I kissed the Cook, that cook eing Keturah, so far as I know, it is no one's business ut hers and mine.

* * *

BELLE C. DAVIS—AN APPRECIATION

Frederic W. Perkins

The passing from earthly labors of Miss Belle C. Davis, who died at her home in Hartford, Conn., on Tuesday, Feb. 20, s a grievous loss to her family, to the church of her love and oyalty, and to the friends who were privileged to share the inimacy of a rare and gifted soul. Her devotion to the Univeralist Church was an inheritance from her father, the Rev. Samel A. Davis, one of the pioneer generation of Universalist ninisters. It was an inheritance that was reinvested by a lifeime of devotion. To the Hartford church she was a tower of strength. She brought to its service a loyalty that never flagged, directed by keen intelligence, breadth of view and instinctive appreciation of spiritual values. To her ministers she was a friend who made their ambitions and purposes her own. Nor was it a narrow parochial loyalty. She had served as the state president of the Women's Universalist Missionary Society, and thought and lived in terms of the larger Church. Her religious faith was a living thing, the glowing center of her radiant energy, and loyalty to her Church was the natural and inevitable expression of desire to give to others what had blessed her.

In a household animated by such a faith—the impalpable but real atmosphere of it—Belle Davis renewed her strength and gave of it lavishly to the renewing of her loved ones. By natural selection she was its dynamic center in the days when the white-haired father and the serene mother and the group of sisters comprised it, in the later days when some had joined the choir invisible. For several years the home had consisted of Miss Minnie, Miss Marion, Miss Grace, Arthur Bissell, a nephew, and Miss Belle. It was a home of the high-minded and pure-hearted. Another sister, Mrs. A. B. Case, lives in Los Angeles, California. A niece, Miss Eleanor Bissell, has lived for some years in Pasadena, California, and is now abroad. Other nieces and nephews in various parts of the land were included in the affection and spiritual fellowship of the Hartford household. The departure of Miss Belle is an unspeakable deprivation, borne with a serenity and courage which the filled treasuries of faith alone can yield.

Belle Davis was one of the people who are themselves more than what they do. A singularly vibrant personality thrilled through action and relieved it of the commonplace. Life was interesting to her ardent, adventurous spirit. Hours of heartache came, as they do to impulsive souls who chafe at the slowness of heart and well-meant stupidity of less gifted lives, but they were but passing. She knew the joys of flight as well as the satisfactions of the plodder, and could plod on in the strength of what the flight had disclosed. She turned life into a game and duty into a voyage of discovery. She made goodness interesting, when the good is so often drab and colorless and only badness is picturesque. Her long service as a teacher in the Hartford schools was marked by that rare power to influence as well as to inform the lives of her pupils. And to her friends, especially the few who were admitted to the innermost shrine of her affection and on whom she poured out the passionate loyalty of her love-craving heart, she was a radiant, stimulating experience. Life could not be stale in her companionship. Such people are the chosen of the Lord for the stirring of souls to whom the salt of life has lost its savor.

The end came quickly when it came. If it had to come, her loved ones were spared the pain—and she was—of a period of impotence. She would say:

> "How dull it is to pause, to make an end;
> To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!"

She was spared that.

* * *

WILLIAM H. HART, JR.

On Monday, Feb. 12, after an illness of several months, Mr. Wm. H. Hart, Jr., passed on to the higher life at the age of eighty-one years. His funeral service was held on the following Wednesday in the house which had been his home for many years in Philadelphia, Pa.

By his death not only the local church, the Church of the Messiah, of which he was a prominent member, but the Universalist Church at large, has lost one of its faithful workers and most generous contributors. For many years he had been one of our most zealous and industrious and progressive Sunday school workers, freely giving valuable service to other schools than his own; and no denominational enterprise for the strengthening of our churches or for the extension of our faith, either at home or abroad, has ever lacked his support. In his will there are numerous characteristic bequests, including one of $2,000 to the Universalist Publishing House, and four to the Church of the Messiah, amounting all together to $41,000, for its own support and the prosecution of its charitable work.

Dr. Sweetser's address at the funeral service follows:

> " 'Friend after friend departs;
> Who hath not lost a friend?
> There is no union here of hearts
> That finds not here an end.'

"One by one our loved ones go from us, vanishing from our mortal sight, and the places that have known them on the earth will henceforth know them no more.

"So it comes to pass that to-day we are all feeling that a true friend has departed from us. And that which is true of us is equally true, I am sure, of a great many others who in the years that are past have been befriended by him whose lifeless body, now reposing in this casket, will soon be laid in the grave. For of all of the persons whom I have known in the course of my life, no one has been a better friend, or a friend to more people who needed true friendship, than the modest, unobtrusive, unselfish, Christian gentleman for whom we are holding this funeral service. The name of those to whom his friendship has been extended is legion; and if every one whom he has treated with kindness and helpfulness during the fourscore years of his life in this world were to cast even so much as one rose on his grave it would soon be covered with almost a mountain of roses. His happiness, in fact, consisted chiefly in making other people happy. Like his Master, Jesus Christ, he went about doing good, and took particular pleasure in helping those who were distressed in body, mind, or estate. Even when he lay on his dying bed and was suffering a great deal of pain, only a few days before his death, he questioned me about a poor and aged sick woman and ex-

pressed a desire to send her some oranges. He was always thinking of others and trying to be of service to them. Ah, yes,

" 'He was a man;
His heart was warm and true;
And in his life on earth
He did a noble part
To soothe sad sorrow's heart,
To heal the sick,
And cure the bitter smart
Of sin and pain.

" 'He was a man,
And did what manhood could
To make sublimely real our dream of good.
This is his epitaph,
Written on human hearts,
Not carved on crumbling stone.'

"To say that we shall miss him is to state merely a truism. And nowhere, perhaps, outside of his own immediate circle of relatives, will he be missed more greatly than in the church of which, for more than fifty years, he was one of the most devoted members. When he was a vigorous young man he united with it, and until the day of his death he was unfalteringly true to it, never wavering in his loyalty to either its faith or its interests. For more than forty years he was the superintendent of its Sunday school, and for more than twenty-five years, up to the time of his final illness, he was the moderator of its vestry. And during all of the many years while I was associated with him in the work of the church, I could always depend on his sympathy and his assistance. No pastor ever had a more dependable helper.

"And yet, greatly as we shall miss him, I would not call him back to this world if I could. For our loss is his gain. In place of this perishable material body, he now has a spiritual body like Christ's glorified body. In place of temporal joys he has those of a description which the heart of man hath not conceived in the life that now is. Leaving behind him many friends on this side of the grave, he has already been greeted by a great many who had preceded him to the heavenly world. And there, after a little while, we shall meet him again.

" 'There is a future—Oh, thank God
Of life this is so small a part.
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.'

This world was never meant by our heavenly Father to be our everlasting home. It is not fitted to be so. Admirably suited to be our temporary dwelling place, it is not suitable for the full development and the highest needs of our souls. Our souls have longings and aspirations and impulsions and possibilities which this world can not satisfy. They need a higher and freer and more spiritual domain in which to accomplish their destiny. And so God has ordained that our material bodies shall die, that our souls may pass on to the higher life which is meant for them.

"If you go into a gardener's establishment at this time of the year, you may see there, ranged upon the shelves, long rows of little vessels known as thumb-pots, in each of which a small plant is growing; and you know that by and by, when the springtime arrives, the plants will be taken out of those little vessels and transferred to the open fields and gardens, because the earthen thumb-pots will no longer suffice for them. And even so, in order that our souls may develop into spiritual perfectness and attain to 'the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ,' they need to be removed in due course of time from the 'frail tenements of clay' in which they begin their existence and to be transferred to the opportunities of the heavenly world. That is what we call death. It is transplantation. It is a process by which God, our heavenly Father, furthers His purpose concerning us for the highest and everlasting good of our souls. Viewed from the heavenly side, it is birth into a far more glorious state of existence.

"Into that state of existence our dear friend has now entered. Let us be thankful for the life which he lived in this world, for the faith which he cherished, for the example which he gave to us, for the memories which we have in regard to him, and for the blessed assurance that after a little while, a few more years at the longest, we shall meet him in that world, now invisible to us, where hope shall change to glad fruition, faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

" 'His day has come, not gone;
His sun has risen, not set;
His life is now beyond
The reach of death or change,
Not ended, but begun.
O noble soul! O gentle heart!
Hail, and farewell.' "

* * *

A CHURCH REUNITED

The church world during the last three months has been watching with great interest the results of the organic union of two religious bodies with an aggregate membership of nearly a quarter of a million persons and a Sunday school enrollment of more than 400,000 children. Bishop S. P. Spreng of this union of communions, known as the Evangelical Church, tells of the merger and its significance.

About thirty years ago the Church founded in 1800 by the Rev. Jacob Albright, known as the Evangelical Association, experienced an unhappy division. Two bodies were formed out of the one. One continued to be the Evangelical Association, the other organized as the United Evangelical Church. There were no divergencies of doctrine or doctrinal standards, but there were certain divergencies in organization and polity. At the time much feeling was engendered and the two bodies drifted apart. But about fifteen years ago the desire for reunion began to manifest itself, first among the young people of both denominations, which found its first expression in an enthusiastic meeting of the two young people's societies in the city of Chicago, where the sentiment expressed for speedy reunion found joyous response.

The agitation thus begun could not be quenched or checked, and so the General Conferences of both bodies at their quadrennial sessions appointed Commissions on Church Union and Federation, with instructions to negotiate terms of union between the two bodies. The commissions were renewed several times. Many important meetings were held. The greatest care was taken by both commissions to conserve what they felt to be essential and fundamental matters. All difficulties were gradually removed and agreements reached which in January, 1921, were finally adopted in a joint session of the two commissions amid great rejoicing and mutual felicitations.

The new Discipline and the Basis of Union were adopted on that occasion and submitted to the annual conferences of both bodies for approval. All the conferences of the Evangelical Association, including these in foreign lands, Europe and Asia, voted unanimously for the merger. There was not one negative vote in a total of over 1400. In the United Evangelical group all conferences except one voted, and with a total vote of about 490 only thirty-eight were recorded against it.

With such unanimity of action, it was agreed to call the two General Conferences to meet in joint session in Detroit, Mich., in October last. The new draft of the Discipline for the reunited Church was submitted, together with the Basis of Union, and was unanimously adopted.

The new body adopted the name "The Evangelical Church," as the only name by which its perpetuity, its genius and traditions and historical continuity could be expressed. The Evangelical Church numbers 2,431 ministers, 260,000 members and 3,000 organized congregations.

In this merger one outstanding fact should be noted in addition to those already mentioned, namely, that this is the first instance in the history of American Protestantism when two church bodies reunited after a separation in the lifetime of a generation, in the lifetime of those who witnessed and experienced the separation.—*Federal Council Bulletin.*

Home and Children

THE LAND BETWEEN

There's a land between the sunset stream
And the pall of the coming night,
There life's greater dower floods its waiting hour
With a faith that is almost sight.

There, beneath its ray, doth the dying day
Foregather its weary and worn;
And the while they wait for the opening gate,
They dream of a fadeless morn.

All the stress of life, all its toil and strife,
Belong to the weary past;
Just waiting are they by the Gates of Day
For the sound of the trumpet's blast.

O land between the sunset stream
And the dawn of a better day;
We would linger there with no fear nor care;
Just to wait, and watch, and pray!

A. Arnold Ross.

* * *

RAGGED ROBIN AND BOUNCING BET

THOUGH Doris was six years old, she had never stayed in the country, and so, when her father moved to a town not far from her grandmother's farm, she was overjoyed. She could hardly wait to get out to the farm.

At first there was so much to do at home that mother could not leave, but it was arranged that Doris, traveling in the care of the conductor, should go alone down to grandmother's.

The day came at last, and it was almost time to go to the station.

"You'll like the country," her father said. "Give my love to ragged robin and bouncing bet and all the rest!"

"Ragged Robin and Bouncing Bet!" Doris repeated to herself. "They must be queer children. But perhaps people in the country have funny names like that. What do they look like, mother?" she asked.

"Who?" mother asked, deep in her packing.

"Ragged Robin and Bouncing Bet."

"Oh, they're lovely!" mother said. "Ragged robin is red and bouncing bet is pink. You will like them ever so much, I know."

Doris went off with a happy heart, and when she got to grandmother's she found the country even more interesting than she had expected it to be. She spent a good deal of time exploring the yard, the barn and the fields next to the house.

"Grandmother," she said, on the third day, "I keep looking for Ragged Robin and Bouncing Bet. Where are they?"

"Well, well!" said grandmother in a pleased voice. "You talk like a regular country girl. Go down to the south meadow and look."

Doris ran gayly down to the south meadow.

"Sure enough, there they are!" she cried in delight.

A little boy and girl were picking flowers in the meadow. Doris ran up to them joyfully.

"How do you do, Robin and Bet?" she said. "I'm so glad you've come to play with me. I am Doris and Mrs. Lee is my grandmother."

The other children laughed and nodded; they seemed glad to see her too. The boy had red hair and a jolly face; the girl was chubby and blue-eyed. Doris wondered why people called them "ragged" and "bouncing." The boy looked very neat and, though the little girl in the pink pinafore and sunbonnet was round and chubby, she did not bounce.

"They look just exactly the way they ought to look," Doris said to herself. "One red and one pink and both full of fun. Bouncing Bet," she said aloud, "you and Ragged Robin must be my playmates the whole time I'm here."

The two little strangers looked at her in rather an odd way, she thought, but they both laughed and nodded.

"Come on and help us pick flowers," the boy said.

"Some people call them weeds," the little girl remarked, "but we never do."

It was so delightful down there in the meadow that when the dinner bell rang Doris could hardly tear herself away.

"Good-by, Ragged Robin and Bouncing Bet," she said. "I'm going driving this afternoon. To-morrow I shall see you again."

"Where have you been all the morning?" her grandmother asked when Doris reached the house. "You look as happy as a lark."

"I am," Doris answered. "I've been down in the south meadow, playing with—"

Grandfather, who was a little deaf, caught the words, "south meadow," and looked over his spectacles. "By the way," he said to his wife, "I must get rid of that ragged robin and bouncing bet in the south meadow. They are perfect pests."

"Well, I suppose you must," grandmother replied, "but I shall be sorry to give up the bright little things. They are so cheery."

Doris looked in astonishment from one of her grandparents to the other.

Grandfather laughed. "They are cheery enough," he said, "but they're no good. Why, even the cows don't eat them."

Doris was horrified. "I should hope not," she thought.

All through the rest of the meal she was very solemn. Grandfather had always seemed so jolly and kind; how could he do such a heartless thing as to drive those poor little children out of the meadow? "And I did enjoy so much playing with them!" she said to herself mournfully.

She did not go back to the meadow the next morning; it would have been hard to face the other two children. "I am glad mother is coming to-morrow," she thought. "Perhaps she'll be able to stop grandfather."

When her mother arrived she went running down to the gate. "O mother, you've come just in time!" she said.

Some one interrupted just then, and there was no chance to explain; but as soon as possible Doris asked her mother to come for a walk.

"All right," mother agreed, "let's go down to the south meadow. I know well enough what we shall find there!"

As they came in sight of the meadow Doris saw her little friends bobbing round among the flowers.

"Aren't they dear?" she said.

Her mother's eyes were on the red and pink flowers. "Lovely," was her answer. "But I'm afraid they get in your grandfather's way."

Doris' heart sank. "Oh, why, mother, why should they?" she cried.

The boy and girl came smiling to meet the newcomers.

"Hello, Ragged Robin and Bouncing Bet!" Doris cried joyfully. "See, mother has come!"

The children shook hands shyly. "Why, to be sure, you do look like ragged robin and bouncing bet," mother said.

The boy and the girl looked at each other and laughed.

"Doris thinks so," the little boy said. "She never calls us anything else."

Doris's eyes grew round. "What else could I call you?" she asked in amazement.

"Our names are Bob and Bess," said the little girl. "Didn't we ever tell you?'

"Not so very different from Robin and Bet," mother put in. Then she looked at Doris and began to understand. "What are you gathering?" she asked the children.

"Ragged robin and bouncing bet," they answered, both speaking at once.

"Doris's grandfather is going to clear up the field soon," the boy added. "So we're having a good time here while we can."

Then Doris understood what they meant. She explained her mistake, and they had a laugh all round.

"But I'm going to ask grandfather to leave a little patch of the real ragged robin and bouncing bet for us to play in," Doris said.

And grandfather did, and in it the three friends played to their hearts' content.—*Catha Wells, in Youth's Companion.*

* * *

A BIRTHDAY PARTY

We sometimes think it is necessary to expend money for gifts and toys for the children in order that they may be happy. This is especially true on birthdays, holidays and other special occasions. That the opposite is true can best be illustrated by the following incident.

The time was mid-summer, the place was on an ocean liner plying between New York and Potsdam, Holland. The occasion was a small girl's birthday. Little Margaret was a general favorite with every one on the large ship, and so all were interested in a personal way, that her sixth anniversary be a memorable one.

Her mother had some remembrances for her which had been selected in a hurried way, as the father had been called as an attache to the Ambassador to Germany, and with the struggle incident to closing their home and starting for a foreign one, the mother had her hands and thoughts full.

The day came and the announcement that a supper party for Margaret and her friends would be served early in the dining room.

The idea of making it a real party came to a trained kindergarten teacher, but where was the material for the pretty chains, favors and presents to be obtained?

Of course there was beautiful monogramed stationery belonging to the "Potsdam," so why not use it? As if by magic, with the help of willing hands, including Margaret's own, there appeared a whole set of furniture—tables, chairs, piano, bookcase, writing desk, telephone stand, beds, dressers,—and dolls and flower-pots for the table decorations. For the lovely birthday chain which was to grace the big dining table the material was taken from the various lace lined candy boxes and colored paper found here, there and everywhere. The purser emptied everything he had in box form to add to the collection. Then came the wonderful march to the feast. It was discovered in time that the little girl and her guests numbered thirteen and, as no grown-up could participate in this event, the steerage was searched and presently the hungriest, most ragged little brown-eyed son of Italy was selected to be the fourteenth guest.

It was a most lovely party and the best one that Margaret had ever had. Her eyes passed over the gifts representing a money value, and rested lovingly on those fashioned so crudely and hurriedly, but with much joy. They met her needs at that time and, because she could add to them herself and also fashion them to her own liking, her enjoyment was beyond the price of material costly things. The party also opened the eyes of all who helped to the value of the "blue bird" which is near at hand and easily found if one has insight and desire.—*Katherine McDonald (National Kindergarten Association).*

* * *

WHO WAS THE GUILTY PERSON?

A newly appointed second lieutenant was detailed for duty with the quartermaster and put in charge of transportation. Although he was well educated, he knew nothing of motor cars.

One day one of the truck drivers came into the office and reported that his truck needed overhauling.

"What seems to be the chief trouble?" inquired the officer.

"Well, sir, two cylinders are missing for one thing," replied the driver.

"When did you discover that?" demanded the lieutenant, who of course did not realize that in automobile parlance a cylinder may be "missing" and yet may also be present.

"This morning when I went into the garage, sir."

"Were you the first person to enter the garage?"

"Yes, sir. I locked it up last night, and I was the first to enter this morning." The man seemed a bit puzzled.

"Was the truck all right when you left it last night?"

"Yes, sir."

"You keep the keys to the garage, do you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Had the lock or the windows been tampered with?"

"Why,—er,—no, sir. Everything was secure."

"Then who do you suspect took those two cylinders out of the car?" the lieutenant inquired innocently.

But the question remained unanswered, for the man was suddenly taken with a bad choking fit, and the officer had to jump up and pat him on the back.—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

JUST TRY TO GET HIM BACK

The little tailor was industriously pressing a suit of clothes when the native-born Bolshevik walked in and began to talk of the "rotten" government and social institutions of America. "This here injustice to the laborin' man has got to stop!" he cried. "We're a-headin' right straight to a revolution and, I'm glad to say, to the same kind o' rule by the people as they have in Russia!"

After a while he went out. The little tailor had said nothing; nor had another man, a customer who was waiting at the back of the store for his suit to be pressed.

At last the tailor looked up with eyes that were bright and moist. "You heard what he said?" he asked.

The man nodded.

"Me," continued the little tailor, tapping his chest and speaking in a tone of fierce finality, "me, I come from Russia!"—*Exchange.*

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

FROM THE OLD NORTH STATE

At the invitation and through the abound- hospitality of Mrs. Martha O. Winstead Rocky Mount, N. C., a mid-winter nference of the Mission Circles and their ends was held at her home Feb. 15.

There were present twelve voting mem- s besides various guests and members the household. Great regret was felt the enforced absence of Mrs. John E. lliams of Greensboro, who was obliged turn back after starting on account of a eck ahead of her train. There were two sions, presided over by the state presi- nt, Rev. Hannah J. Powell of Sunburst. tters were read from Mrs. S. R. Tyson of rham and others. The findings of this eting were briefly as follows:

Voted: to accept unequivocally the quo- assigned to North Carolina, both for e current year and on the deficit.

Voted: to push the membership drive the utmost. To this end various "group" airmen were appointed to act as inspir- s of missionary interest and collectors of embers and fees in all unorganized and mote sections (of which there are many the state).

The example of the Kinston Circle is pecially commended, for it has voted to ake up from its treasury any deficit which ay occur in the full quota of $2.70 per ember.

Voted: to send at once to the W. N. M. A 00 on account, toward quotas of 1923.

Mission study was urged and the foster- g of Clara Barton Guilds was emphasized.

here was a fine report of the state execu- e board session held at Clinton, N. C., eb. 13 and 14. This was given by Rev. arry L. Canfield, of Rocky Mount.

Hannah J. Powell.

* *

STEWARDSHIP

All that I have comes to me as a gift m God. It is not mine to do with as I ease, but to administer for Him in ways at will make for the highest welfare of yself and my fellow men.

I find great happiness in my stewardship, r it is a high privilege to be a trustee for od. As a faithful and wise steward I will ercise constant care in the expenditure of e income entrusted to me. I will keep counts—a budget. In this budget I ll set aside a definite portion of my entire come for the support of the church, mis- ns and charity.

I believe that I should set aside at least a nth of my income for these worthy pur- ses. This conviction is a product of y own experience as well as the experience many others who have been both materi- y and spiritually blessed as a result of ving exercised their stewardship faith- lly.

Said David Livingstone, "I will place value on anything I have or may pos- sess except in relation to the Kingdom of Christ."—*Selected.*

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MISSION STUDY DURING LENT

In several of our parishes at the present time stepping stones to a regular Church School of Missions are being laid. On a certain evening each week different groups or organizations are meeting for definite study along missionary lines.

In the First Church of Providence, R. I., a joint meeting of the Y. P. C. U., the Clara Barton Guild and the Mission Circle is held every Sunday evening for this purpose.

Six members of the Arlington, Mass., Mission Circle are conducting as many Sunday evening meetings with the Y. P. C. U. in our church there. The subject is India and the talks are planned to give the young people a comprehensive idea of conditions and needs in that country.

We are glad to hear of these gatherings. They show us that some of our churches have learned what every church must sooner or later—that all missionary interest and effort depend upon *missionary instruction.* Lacking this foundation we can never hope to become a World Church for World Service.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

METROPOLITAN MEANDERINGS

Three cheers for our city workers! Perhaps they need them; certainly they deserve them. Religious education in the large centers presents a difficult problem to our Church, as it does to all others. It calls for sacrifice, determination and persistent faith, challenging the strongest and most courageous.

I have just returned from a field trip which happened to take me into none but city parishes. And I am greatly encouraged.

At Hartford, Conn., Rev. Richard H. McLaughlin, for whom Dr. Adams had great admiration and affection, enters modestly but vigorously upon his important tasks. He is an enthusiast for religious education and will do good teamwork with Superintendent Stevens and his associates.

The three Brooklyn Sunday schools were well represented at a conference held in the beautiful assembly rooms at All Souls. Mrs. Ethel Freeman Nichelsen, assistant to Dr. Grose at All Souls, gives much of her time and thought to the Sunday school. Both the Church of Our Father and the Church of Good Tidings are enjoying the services of Miss Rita Bertsch as Sunday school energizer and promoter.

Out at Mt. Vernon a company of clear-visioned and strong-hearted workers continue the Sunday school during the interim between pastorates. They desire a minister with enthusiasm for education.

We had two good conferences in Philadelphia, where both Brother Benton and Brother Scott have the Sunday school vision. The Pennsylvania Association is doing aggressive work with Mr. Harold Gartley as president and Miss Jennie Lois Ellis as field worker.

I had a Sunday at Baltimore and found the people optimistic and "of a mind to work." They will be very careful in selecting their new pastor to call one who will regard himself as minister to children as well as adults.

At the Church of the Divine Paternity in New York, Rev. Helene Ulrich has special charge of the Children's Church, which meets at the same hour as the older congregation. She is a genius in such service and doing pioneer work which is likely to be imitated in other metropolitan parishes.

Miss Ulrich is also greatly interested in the Prescott Mission, where Mr. Ove C. Sparre and his corps of assistants are conducting a successful experiment in community service. A growing Sunday school is conducted at the Mission, the members being mostly from unchurched families, and this year, as previously, there is a confirmation class preparing for Easter.

Out at Middletown, Rev. Thomas H. Saunders, at once pastor and superintendent, reported a Sunday school membership of ninety with an average attendance of eighty-five. The attendants at our conference were eager and responsive, asking many questions and availing themselves of many offers.

At Newark, N. J., Dr. Henry R. Rose, after a quarter of a century of devoted service, has morning and evening congregations completely filling the large church, and is recognized as the leading minister of the city. His Sunday school is of corresponding size and efficiency. We had a delicious dinner followed by music and addresses, and we separated with a conviction that even greater achievements were ahead.

My final stop was at Stamford, Conn., where I had the privilege of preaching to a company of intelligent and delighted folks. They seek a pastor "of the right sort"—which means one who shall include Sunday school enthusiasm among his qualifications. There is a new superintendent in Stamford, Mr. Alton Williams, a graduate of Tufts and a man exceptionally well fitted for leadership.

Now I am back at headquarters, wiser and happier because of this metropolitan expedition.

G. E. H.

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

March 11. Morning, Chelsea, Mass.; evening, Wakefield, Mass.

March 18. Stoughton, Mass.

March 25. Morning, Haverhill, Mass.

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SONS OF THUNDER and DAUGHTERS OF LIGHTNING

Old Plymouth has been the scene of many stirring events, from the time of the landing of the Pilgrims and of King Philip's War down to the present day. Last Tuesday evening I participated in one of these events when the first steps were taken to organize a Young People's Christian Union there. Plymouth has had several Unions at various times in the past, but there has been a lapse of about two years, waiting for a younger group to grow up. Now that group has arrived, and while they will be a very young Senior Union, they possess many of the elements of success.

It is the most strenuous group of young people that I have ever helped to start on the way toward Christian Union work. That is a point in their favor, for it is simply a problem of directing abundant energy, not of generating it. The most difficult group of young people in the world with which to work is one that is indifferent, or *blase*.

Since this visit to Plymouth I have a keener appreciation of Jesus' difficult task in transforming the young men who became his disciples at the beginning of his ministry into apostles of the Kingdom in a few short months. Mark, who wrote nearest in point of time to the events recorded, and whose record is perhaps the most human of the four Gospels, mentions the fact that Jesus named John and his brother James "the sons of thunder." There must have been a good reason for it, although we are not told what it was.

Indeed, we have come to think of John as anything but a "son of thunder." He was the beloved disciple, who leaned on Jesus' breast at the time of the last supper; he was the revered Bishop of Ephesus, if tradition is correct, who in his extreme age repeated often the words, "Little children, love one another." But whatever he became after he had passed his four score years, and whatever he was at the close of his intimate association with Jesus, when he became one of the disciples he was a "son of thunder." I think that is one reason Jesus loved him. He was positive, not negative or indifferent; and if he was inclined to make a great noise sometimes, some one would have to do that if the Gospel of the Kingdom were to be given world-wide publicity.

It was one of Jesus' great achievements that he took these young men, with all their imperfections, two of them worthy of the name "sons of thunder," and made them of inestimable worth in advancing the cause of the Kingdom. If he had looked upon them superficially he would have said: "Such men are impossible for the work of the Kingdom of peace and good will. I must find men who are meek and mild and mannerly." But he looked deeper, and knew that in young men of this sort were to be found the qualities which would make them good soldiers in his cause. And he was right.

Down in Plymouth that same ability to look deep is necessary, if one is to see the promise in this new Y. P. C. U. At the parsonage there were gathered together twenty of these sons of thunder and daughters of lightning, for the girls were as quick and strenuous as the boys. They are in two classes in the Sunday school, and the two teachers, who were also present, can not agree as to which group made the most noise. I am not quite clear whether each is contending that her class made more or less. It was a strenuous meeting, but that group of young folks has in it the elements of a most successful Union, for there is abundant energy and ability to work; and wise direction, such as Jesus gave to the young people who became his folowers, is all that is needed.

One reason that young people have not received more sympathy and understanding from their elders in the church is because of a long-standing misconception of what a Christian is. Boys and girls just entering their teens are not little ladies and gentlemen, as a rule. They are much more likely to be sons of thunder and daughters of lightning. But what we often fail to see is that it is the son of thunder who, although just now he shakes the floor and rattles the windows, in ten years, perhaps, become a dynamic force for righteousness whose worth no man can estimate. Then he is a real, and a mighty, Christian.

But it is only the son of thunder who becomes the disciple of the Master, and learns of him that in Christian service there is need for all the strength and energy and force he may have, who in later years becomes such a power for advancing the Kingdom of God. If he is left to himself, that energy is directed elsewhere, and the coming of the Kingdom is delayed. Blessed is the church that is wise enough to see that its sons of thunder and daughters of lightning can become the saints, apostles, and prophets of to-morrow, and that is willing to work to that end.

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MAY THEIR TRIBE INCREASE

Last Sunday I visited our churches in Haverhill and Gloucester, both of which are employing and enjoying the services of minister's assistants. Miss Mary Slaughter and Miss Helen Rice have not simply made a place for themselves in the work of these churches; they have made themselves well-nigh indispensable. Especially is this true in Haverhill, where, since Dr. Coons became State Superintendent, the church has been without a pastor, and much work has fallen upon the assistant.

Parishes that have made the experiment of having an assistant have wondered how they ever went along without one, and every year more parishes are seeking for young men or young women to do this necessary work. The demand is greater than the supply, and there is every reason to expect that the demand will rapidly increase. It will, if other parishes learn of what these young women have done in Haverhill and Gloucester, and what other assistants are doing in other parishes both east and west.

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.
Boston, March 1.

For the Quiet Hour

The Christian is the soul that wills to love. But Love is an affection strong and wise as well as tender. It may be well for the Christian man to "sell all that he hath and give to the poor;" or it may be well for him to trade with his ten talents and gain ten other talents. He may not allow his love to lead him to do mischief.

S. M. McConnell.

"Religion is friendship—friendship first with the great Companion of whom Jesus told us, who is always nearer to us than we are to ourselves, and whose inspiration and help is the greatest fact of human experience. To be in harmony with his purposes, to be open to his suggestions, to be in conscious fellowship with him—this is religion on its Godward side. Then, turning manward, friendship sums it all up. To be friends with everybody; to fill every human relation with the spirit of friendship; is there anything more than this that the wisest and best of men can hope to do?"

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern.

Matthew Arnold.

"Two bodies can not occupy the same space at the same time." As one comes in, the other must go out. The heart at the start may be full of fear. Trust or love begins to come in. And when the heart is full of trust, there is no place left for fear. We can drive out fear by a new mental and spiritual outlook—a supreme confidence in God.

Oliver Huckel.

Among Our Churches

New Hampshire Letter

Berlin.—We are glad to announce the greatest activity and interest at Berlin which has been manifested for a number of years. Since the death of Mr. Billington, who had been ministering to Berlin for about a year in addition to his work at Gorham, the Superintendent has taken charge of the services. A feeling has been growing in the Berlin parish for a number of years that it was practically useless to continue services without a full time pastor who should not only give the people a morning service but should be able to devote considerable time to parish work. After a study of the situation, it seemed that, notwithstanding the overwhelming proportion of Roman Catholics in the city, there was room for a liberal Protestant organization, that the Protestant element in the city was by no means overchurched. On the other hand it seemed scarcely possible with our equipment to develop at once a living church along the ordinary lines of development. Our building was better equipped for a community center than as an auditorium for large audiences. Our people were few and scattered. Church interest in the city was at a low ebb. It seemed that if any advance was to be made it must be by securing a pastor who could make himself felt in the life of the city by his social activities and by his appeal to the children of the unchurched. The people of our parish accepted this plan and instructed the Superintendent to seek a pastor who would work along these lines. Mrs. Wenona Stevens Abbott of Minneapolis has been for many years a loyal member of the Tuttle Church. She has been active in Sunday school work, having a class of young women in that school for many years, and having served outside the parish in many ways and especially as the president of the Minnesota Sunday School Association. She has been interested in Psychology for many years and was widely known as a teacher, lecturer and practitioner in these lines. Mrs. Abbott is a three gold star mother, two of her sons having been killed in battle, one having been invalided home to die. Until recently, circumstances have forbidden her taking up the active work of preaching. The way being made clear, she determined to enter our ministry. Mrs. Abbott was secured for the month of February as temporary pastor of our parish at Berlin, and immediately secured the interest of many people in the city and the allegiance of our people. At the close of her temporary service, a call was given her to become permanent pastor at Berlin and the invitation was accepted. The people backed their invitation not only by increasing audiences but by the most liberal financial pledges which have been made for many years. The interest which she has aroused in the city is shown by the fact that the Roman Catholic editor of the local newspaper is giving her the most liberal press notices that have ever been given to a Protestant church. Mrs. Abbott will have her rooms in the house which serves as our community center, as was intended in the purchase of this building to replace the old church building. She will hold classes in Bible study, practical psychology and child culture here, hoping to make it a center of helpfulness for the entire community. Her greatest efforts will be, of course, however, to build up our Universalist constituency in the city. The Superintendent has recommended that the State Convention stand squarely behind this undertaking as our first move in carrying out the home missionary policy laid upon us by vote of the last session of the Convention. It is not improbable that this recommendation will be accepted and that, for the present, our great effort will be to establish a strong, thriving Universalist church in this most promising city of northern New Hampshire. * * **Gorham.**—In addition to taking up the work at Berlin, the Superintendent began as temporary pastor at Gorham on Jan. 1. This parish had pretty nearly reached the depths of discouragement. Several years ago, a most liberal bequest was left to this parish which seemed to insure its existence for all time. After a period of inactivity following the removal of Rev. H. W. Haynes to Massachusetts, Rev. F. H. Billington was called to the pastorate and immediately won his way to the hearts of the people. It was not long after the beginning of the pastorate that Mr. Billington's health began to fail and in a short time he was unable to carry on the active work of the parish with the exception of the preaching, and later was not able to do even this. The people loyally stood behind Mr. Billington to the end. In the meantime, a large portion of the fund, which had been invested in railroad securities, ceased to pay dividends in the general railroad reorganization which seems to be taking place. The death of Mr. Billington, the loss of income from the fund and the overthrow generally of the larger plans for work which had been formed, tended at first to cause pessimism and discouragement. Gradually, however, there has come the consciousness that if the parish can not do the broader work for which it had hoped, it is still in a position to do the very real and essential work in the community which it had been doing for many years previous to the coming of the bequest. Increasing audiences and increased interest in the work since the opening of the temporary pastorate under the Superintendent indicate the return to normalcy. The Sunday school, which has been carried through the period of depression by the determination of its superintendent, Mrs. Guy Shorey, is showing an increase in attendance every Sunday. The Ladies' Aid is loyally at work to raise a larger sum for church purposes than ever before. A recent social gathering, arranged at the request of the Superintendent that he might see the people at play as well as at worship, reveals that we have here one of the pleasantest groups of congenial people that it is possible to imagine. The Superintendent's way has been made easy by the cordial response not only of people of the church but of the town. He has been invited into the activities of the other churches and he has been given honorary membership in the Fish and Game League, the strong men's organization of the place. There is every indication that our church has a very real place in the life of the community and that it is ready to take that place and carry on its work. Available candidates for the pastorate are already being heard and it is hoped that with the coming of early spring a pastor will be settled. * * **Alstead.**—Rev. Alvin M. Smith never was a very enthusiastic press agent of his own activities. His work has generally been along quiet and conservative but always effective lines, and he has been content to let the results speak for themselves. Evidently his people are not so satisfied, for a recent letter in the *Bellows Falls (Vt.) Times* takes half a column to tell of the very evident results of Mr. Smith's ministry. Sunday school increased from a membership of thirty to an average attendance of seventy. At a recent session 105 were present. Modern music with orchestra introduced into church service. New piano placed in vestry and room made attractive for all kinds of service. In contradistinction to the many wails which we hear about the good old days when audiences were larger than the entire population, our writer says: "The writer remembers attending church services in this church thirty to thirty-five years ago. At that time the attendance was never large, but there were several faithful men and women who were nearly always present—staunch defenders of the faith. Their seats in the church, however, are filled by the present generation, many of whom are the bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boys and girls of to-day who are to become the men and women of to-morrow." This is the picture of a modern rural church, a Universalist, not a federated, church. It isn't as uncommon as some would have us imagine. * * **Dover.**—The weather has been against large attendance at church services during the winter. Time and again,

the pastor has been prevented from reaching the services by inclement weather. What of it? The work is going on, the people are loyal, and each set back only results in increased determination that there shall be as few set backs as possible. * * **Portsmouth.**—Rev. A. J. Cardall has an attractive program of Lenten services which includes Sunday and week day activities. Without appeal to the sensational at least, the church is functioning in its true capacity as an organization for the religious and spiritual uplift of thoughtful people. * * **Kingston.**—Constant inquiries are made of the Superintendent as he travels through the state concerning Rev. F. W. Whippen, who through his many years of service as Secretary and Superintendent made himself known and loved by our people. Mr. Whippen, while I do not suppose he has recovered all his strength after his severe illness, is none the less doing what we always expect to find him doing, his whole work. And when we want something outside of his own work done in a particular and careful manner, we call upon him to do that, too. He has recently been made the clerk of the Fellowship Committee and the work of that committee is being done promptly and in order. * * **Executive Board.**—The Executive Board of the State Convention will meet at Concord on March 5, to define a definite home mission policy for the state.

George F. Fortier.

Connecticut Letter

The weather and fuel conditions have been trying this winter. With the approach of spring there is a general quickening of hope and cheer. Already we are well into the Lenten season. Our parishes, like others in other states, find in the Lenten season an opportunity to emphasize the religious needs and duties of life. We are looking forward to a great Easter. There should be many accessions to our membership at Easter time. * * **Hartford.**—It is a pleasure to welcome to Connecticut the Rev. Richard H. McLaughlin, who has taken up the work of leading the Hartford church. We assure him of the good wishes of all the friends of the faith in this state, and hope for him and the church a long association of fruitful endeavor. Friday evening, Feb. 16, the ladies of the Social Benevolent Society tendered a reception to the new pastor and his wife. From eight until ten o'clock the members and friends of the church, together with many of the ministers of the other churches and their wives, were presented to the receiving party. Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin were assisted in receiving by Mrs. E. G. Howe, president of the Social Benevolent Society, and by Mr. James H. Morgan, chairman of the board of trustees of the parish, and by Mrs. Morgan. The tea tables were presided over by several of the ladies in the church, while punch was served by the younger set. An orchestra helped to make the occasion a most pleasant and successful one. The Hartford parish suffered an irreparable loss in the death of Miss Belle C. Davis on Tuesday, Feb. 20, 1923. No more loyal and devoted Universalist could be found anywhere than this noble woman. Born into the family of one of our most faithful ministers, Father Davis, as he was affectionately known, her whole life has been lived in the atmosphere of our faith, and represented to the world the beauty and power of that faith in the family circle and in the larger circle of city and church. Especially in the Women's Missionary Association has her efficient service been most fruitful. She was state president several years. We all mourn her passing, but rejoice in the priceless possession of her splendid record. Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to the bereaved family and church. * * **Norwich.**—The favorable reports which come from Norwich are most gratifying. The Rev. A. N. Foster is meeting with a splendid response in his new field. Congregations are increasing. The Y. P. C. U. is especially active. Members of the Y. P. C. U. conducted the morning church service on Young People's Sunday, taking entire charge. Prayer was offered by Herbert E. Lawrence, president of the Union. Miss Hattie Fowler read the Scripture lesson. The sermon was preached by Harold Cobb, son of the Rev. J. F. Cobb, a former pastor whose pastorate extended over twenty years. Announcements were read by Miss Georgia Fillmore, the offertory was taken by R. Day Fillmore and Harry R. Jervis. Young people assisted the choir in rending the music of the service. Miss Beatrice Green sang the Gloria. The service was very impressive and effective. Mr. Foster while in Tufts was state Y. P. C. U. president of Connecticut. In the work of the church the pastor is ably assisted by Mrs. Foster, who is an expert on Sunday school work. Mrs. Foster has started a large Teacher Training Class. On Sunday, Feb. 18, Mrs. C. W. Townesson, one of the most active workers in Norwich, died. She was a native of Iceland. She came to Norwich about two years ago, joined the church there, and was a most faithful member. On Feb. 7, 1923, Norwich lost a loyal supporter and friend when Frederick S. Young died. He was a trustee of the society and a man who never failed to do his part. In any emergency he could always be relied on. Not only in the local parish, but in the State Convention work he took an active interest. To the bereaved widow, as well as to the Norwich church people, our sincere sympathy is extended. * * **Bridgeport.**—On Feb. 8, Mrs. Louise W. Sailer of the Bridgepo church was struck by an automobile an suffered a fracture of both her right ar and leg. Her many friends in the sta will be glad to know that her condition as favorable as could be expected. She being cared for in the Bridgeport Hospita * * **Meriden.**—A Sunday afternoon foru in St. Paul's Church is meeting wit constant and large success. The unio Sunday evening services held in th auditorium of the town hall under th auspices of some eight churches are bein continued this winter. These servic culminate on Easter Sunday evening in great musical service in which over hundred singers take part. * * **Y. P C. U.**—The young people in the state ar urged to be represented as largely possible at the State Y. P. C. U. Conve tion to be held in New Haven about th middle of April. Watch the columns *Onward* for the exact date and for th details as to program. * * A distri conference in the interests of the can paign for the Washington Memori Church and the Tokyo Home for Boys wi be held in New Haven on Tuesday evenin March 6. It is to be hoped that each paris will have representation at the conferenc Dr. J. S. Lowe will be in charge. * * Th annual State Convention will be held i Stamford on Wednesday and Thursday May 9 and 10. * * The Executive Com mittee of the Connecticut Universalis Convention once again voted unanimousl to extend to each parish in the state th opportunity to send four representative to some Summer Sunday School Institut for one week, the expenses to be paid b the state treasury, providing they do no exceed $35 per person for the week This is an investment which ought to pa in increased and more efficient servic Parishes should begin now to select th four who are to have the privileges of th generous action. * * The host of friend of Mrs. Lillian E. Gay, of the New Have church, who for about eighteen years wa treasurer of the Connecticut Women Missionary Association, will be pleased t hear that she is slowly improving in healt and strength at her summer home i Short Beach.

Theodore A. Fischer.

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A TRUTH-LOVING CHURCH

When Rev. H. W. Whitnell was installe as pastor at the Canon Universalist churc he said to the writer, "Brother Strain, *must* tell the truth." Of course I coul not object to that. He had been crampe in the Methodist Church, where he ha supplied some of the most importan pulpits; but now his mind must be fre and after serving here as pastor for a perio of two years, he is unanimously chose for the third year, which shows that th Canon church is a truth-loving congreg tion.

A. G. Strain.

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

The *Honolulu Advertiser* of Feb. 17, in a long article about the visit to Hawaii of the party touring the world on the Empress of France, says this of the Associate Editor of the *Leader:* "Dr. John van Schaick of Washington, D. C., lays claim to being the greatest commuter in the mainland. He commutes weekly between Washington and Boston, for while retaining residence in the national Capital, he conducts a religious newspaper, the *Universalist Leader,* in Boston."

Mr. James B. Macneal, Sr., of Baltimore, a layman justly honored for long and efficient service in his home parish and at Murray Grove, is recovering from a serious fall which he suffered in his own residence. Weakened by severe illness, he lost his balance at the top of a flight of stairs and fell to the bottom. Though he was badly bruised, no bones were broken, and the prospects are that he will soon be restored to full health. Mr. Macneal has had other falls, seemingly very dangerous, but his strong constitution has enabled him to recover.

California

Santa Paula.—Rev. Frank Lincoln Masseck, pastor. This church hopes soon to have a pipe organ. Mr. Waldo Hardison has given $2,500 as a beginning. The Mary A. Livermore Society has volunteered to raise another thousand, and the parish has appointed a committee to raise further funds and to purchase the organ. The thirty-third anniversary of the founding of the church was observed March 4.

Florida

Miami.—Rev. F. A. Bisbee, D. D., pastor. Rev. John S. Cook, D. D., associate pastor. Success attended the annual bazar by the Miami Mission Circle on Valentine's Day, when over $700 was cleared, making this event the most successful in the history of this mission church in a great and growing city. The sad death of Mrs. Luden's mother made it impossible to have a garden party at the beautiful Point View estate of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Luden, which had been the annual custom until this year, but in their great generosity and practical helpfulness these two bought and contributed freely until they had fully made up for the difference between the advantages of a garden party and a sale in a down town store such as the one this year. Women of the Mission Circle, with the help of many new friends this year, held weekly all-day sessions during the busiest part of the tourist season, sewed in season and out of season, contributed material and labor, and had actually hundreds of dollars worth of goods ready on time. Then the loyalty of the Northern and Western churches to an enterprising mission point brought innumerable parcels post packages full of salable goods and many letters with contributions of money, until the total was swelled to proportions that greatly encouraged the church that had only a few short months ago faced the shock of its pastor's illness and the need of changed plans for the season of 1923. Further encouragement was recently given by the visit of Dr. and Mrs. Lee S. McCollester, who with advice and suggestion helped the people in their plans. With the sermons of Dr. John S. Cook increasing in favor, Miss Adelaide Clark, musical director, a young woman of great ability, formerly of the Melrose church in Massachusetts, and her sister, Miss Eleanor Clark, a young pianist of great note in the South, have assumed the responsibility for a half-hour service of sacred music preceding the sermon. They have secured as regular soloist, Miss Rachel Jane Hamilton, soloist with Pryor's band, who has won the highest commendation for two winters in Miami. Congregations have grown greatly in the last few months, and several hundred people were there to greet Dr. McCollester, on the Sunday when he preached a sermon that made a deep impression upon his hearers, and increased their pride in a growing liberal church for Miami.

Massachusetts

Brookline, Beacon Church.—Rev. Fred A. Moore, pastor. The "Beacon Light," the parish paper, announces a series of Lenten sermons by the pastor as follows: March 4, "Our Glorious Heritage." March 11, "Our Tremendous Objectives." March 18, "Our Mighty Enemies." March 25, "Our Heroic Leadership." April 1, "Our Victorious Faith." The Perin Club met Feb. 19, for the first time in several months, and a committee was appointed to recommend plans of reorganization and a working program at the next meeting.

Milford.—Rev. H. F. Fister, pastor. The society, under the direction of the Ladies' Aid, has made $1,800 from what it calls its "talent system." This is the fifth time this system has been used, and there has been a constant increase in the returns.

Springfield, First.—Rev. Delmar E. Trout, pastor. The annual guest night of the Mission Circle was observed on the evening of Feb. 9, in the ladies' parlor of the church. A missionary sketch, written by Miss Mercedes Lillie, was ably enacted and a little piece called "A Box Party" was given by a few of the girls from the Junior Guild. Music was rendered by Mr. John Hastie, soloist, accompanied by Mrs. Trout at the piano. The serving of dainty refreshments completed the program. On Thursday evening, Feb. 1, the Y. P. C. U. had an official visitation from Mr. Milton Bemis of Worcester, one of the state officers, who spoke upon the efficiency contest and congratulated St. Paul's on securing two of the state banners, the Legion of the Cross and church membership.

New York

Buffalo, First.—Rev. L. O. Williams, pastor. The pastor is giving a series of lectures on Wednesday evenings during the Lenten season on the subject "The Contribution of Psychology to the Reconstruction of Religion."

Vermont

St. Johnsbury.—Rev. George Wilson Scudder, pastor. Our church has an attractive advertisement in the local paper, grouped with similar advertisements from the other churches in town.

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OHIO UNIVERSALIST MINISTERS' ASSOCIATION

Ohio is a big state and it takes time and money to cross it. On Feb. 8 and 9, the Universalist ministers met in the Columbus church in annual session. The first day we listened to the inspiring address by Dr. Lowe and then passed resolutions that the Washington Memorial Church be built in its entirety and that as soon as possible, and promised the support of Ohio in raising all the money in the campaign soon to be. There was also another pledge from the Ministerial Association to the Ohayo Kindergarten. We are now on the last $1,000. When a band of two thousand women undertake a job of $10,000 for a worthy purpose it behooves all to get into the work and aid the finish. We want it all nicely out of the way for the Washington Memorial and the Perin-Cate House Campaign. On the second day of the session fine addresses were made by Rev. Robert Tipton, who has recently come to us from the Congregational Church in Iowa, Rev. Thomas Chapman of the Washington Association, and Rev. Harry M. Wright, the new pastor at Kent. Four of the ministers of the state were ill at the time of the session. Only four were absent. The hospitality of the Columbus church was fine and the meeting of the "chosen" layman or woman from each church with the ministers was a decidedly pleasant and profitable thing. Our next meeting will be at the State Convention in Akron in June.

W. R. Rowland, Secretary.

* *

LECTURES FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS

"Investing in Childhood," a lecture on the Near East illustrated by sixty lantern slides, is available *free* to pastors and Sunday school superintendents.

All the pictures are recent. There are views of the Smyrna disaster, of the trek of 5000 orphans on their way from the interior of Turkey to places of safety in Syria and Palestine, and there are abundant illustrations of the fine constructive

work the Near East Relief is doing in protecting and training 115,000 children now under its care.

Twenty-five of the set of sixty slides are very finely colored, twenty-five are in sepia tone and ten in black and white. There is also a set of twenty selected especially for Sunday schools. Sets may be secured from the various state offices of the Near East Relief.

* *

THE MASSACHUSETTS MEN'S BANQUET

Fully three hundred men attended the annual banquet of Massachusetts Universalist Men held at the Boston City Club on Friday evening, March 2, in connection with the annual meeting of the state Comrades. The Waltham church sent the largest number of representatives, twenty-six. Somerville First sent eighteen, Brookline seventeen and Haverhill sixteen. Near by churches please note that there were nine men from North Adams and six from Orleans. There were also men from Abington, Acton, Arlington, Attleboro, Boston Second, Beverly, Brockton, Cambridge First and Third, Charlestown, Everett, Framingham, Hardwick, Grove Hall, Jamaica Plain, Lawrence, Lynn, Malden, Mansfield, Medford, Medford Hillside, Melrose, Newtonville, Norwood, Palmer, Peabody, Quincy, Roxbury, Swampscott, Tufts College, Wakefield and Winter Hill.

Dr. Frank Oliver Hall was at his best and his address will long be remembered by the men fortunate enough to hear it. Hon. J. Weston Allen said he was a Congregationalist but could easily qualify as a "Comrade." His special theme was "The Responsibility of the Christian Layman To-day."

The president of the state Comrades, Wm. R. Thomson, having recently moved to Bridgeport, Conn., the vice-president, Dr. Martin M. Brown of North Adams, presided. J. Raymond Cabot of Newtonville was toastmaster.

The secretary reported thirteen Chapters in the state, with 431 members. In fifty-six churches there are 438 members not organized into Chapters. Total membership 869.

The newly elected president, Vernon E. Blagbrough, spoke briefly of the work of the Comrades and predicted growth and increasing usefulness for the organization.

Other officers elected: Vice-president, Dr. Martin M. Brown; secretary, James D. Tillinghast; treasurer, Alvar W. Polk; trustees, Bertram E. Hall, Herman E. Lewis, Edward L. Shinn.

An orchestra furnished music, Rev. Lester L. Lewis led the singing and James B. Thrasher told funny stories in his inimitable way.

Get your tickets early for next year's banquet.

Notices

PUBLIC MEETING

W. U. M. S. of Massachusetts

The Woman's Missionary Society of Massachusetts will hold a Public Meeting at Orange, Wednesday, March 21, 1923.

Morning session, 10.15 a. m. Mrs. E. E. Ellis, district vice-president, presiding. "The Aim and Work of the Missionary Society," Rev. Isabella S. Macduff, State Chaplain. Vocal solo, "My task." "Clara Barton, the Angel of the Battlefield," Mrs. Elizabeth Robbins Berry. "Here Am I, Send Me." A period under the auspices of the State Literature Department. Mrs. Nellie C. Wadleigh.

Luncheon, fifty cents. Luncheon speaker, Rev. Francis W. Gibbs.

Afternoon session, 2 p. m. Miss Grace F. White, state president, presiding. Devotional period, Rev. A. A. Blair. "Greater India, or India Within and Outside," Mr. Satyananda Roy. Vocal solo, "The Spirit of God." "The Lippincott Square Church Coup," playlet presented by the Orange Mission Circle.

Trains—Boston to Orange, a. m., 6.25, arriving 10.00; 8.45, arriving 11.52.

Orange to Boston, p. m., 1.30, arriving 4; 4.14, arriving 6.40; 6.48, arriving 9.45.

* *

MASSACHUSETTS FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Transfers have been granted to W. H. Gould to Maine and A. N. Foster and R. H. McLaughlin to Connecticut.

Harry E. Adams, Secretary.

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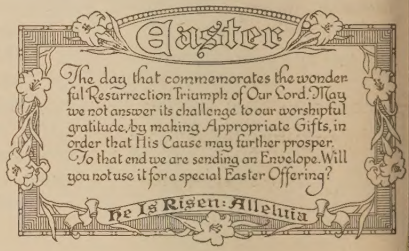
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The day that commemorates the wonderful Resurrection Triumph of Our Lord. May we not answer its challenge to our worshipful gratitude, by making Appropriate Gifts, in order that His Cause may further prosper. To that end we are sending an Envelope. Will you not use it for a special Easter Offering?
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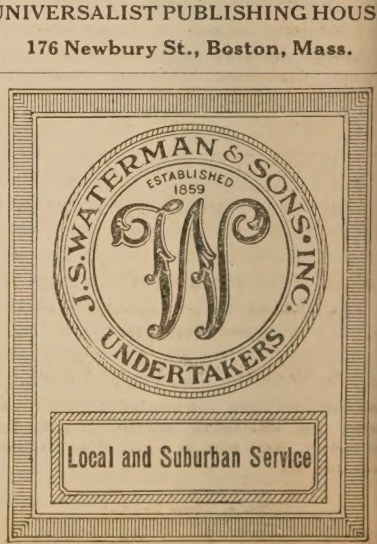

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* *

First Darky: "Say, brother, Ah got a car, boy, with a big horn on it, and when Ah pass through the town all Ah gotta do is blow that siren an' everybody hops outta the way."

Second Darky: "Ah gotta car, too."

First Darky: "What kinda horn is yo' car got?"

Second Darky: "Mah car ain't got no horn. All the people in town is gotta look at is mah radiator, and it says 'Dodge brothers.'"—*Exchange.*

* *

Prospective Guest: "Why, this room reminds me of a prison."

Assistant Manager: "Well, sir, it's all a matter of what one is used to!"—*Hotel Management.*

* *

John D. says the financial outlook is very bright. Most people would think the same if they were John D.—*New York American.*

* *

It is reported that women will soon be affecting shoes patterned after Tut-ankh-amen's. We are in the market for a couple of pairs that will last as long.—*New York Tribune.*

* *

Speaking of Biblical infallibility, herewith is sound orthodoxy in pleasant form: The young ordination candidate was discussing the work of the various foreign missionary societies with an elderly and experienced cleric. "And what is your belief as to the ultimate fate of the heathen who die without having seen a missionary or heard of Christianity?" asked the young man. "What has the Bible to say upon the subject?" asked the clergyman. "Well, I've studied the Bible very carefully," answered the other; "but it seems to be absolutely silent about the matter." "Then I should advise you to follow the Bible's example," came the reply.—*Christian Register.*

* *

"I was taken in last night," said the first footpad.

"Get pinched?" asked the second.

"No," is the scornful answer. "Think I don't know the cops better than that? It was this way: I held up a guy and took his leather and ticket away from him, and first thing I knew he was talking about how dangerous my work was and how I ought to provide for the future, and, blow me, if he didn't get me to sign an application for life insurance and give him all the money I had collected during the evening as a first payment on the policy."—*Life Bulletin.*

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